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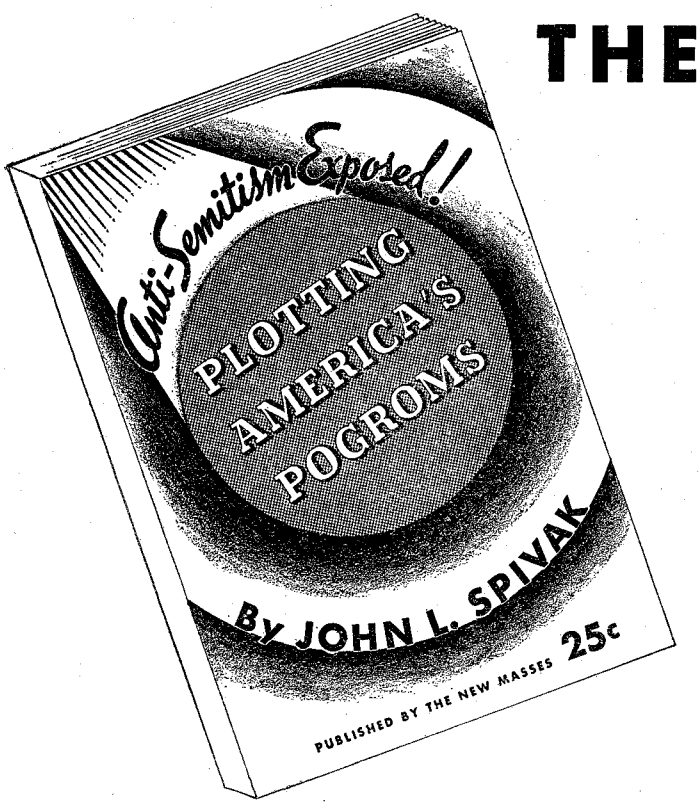

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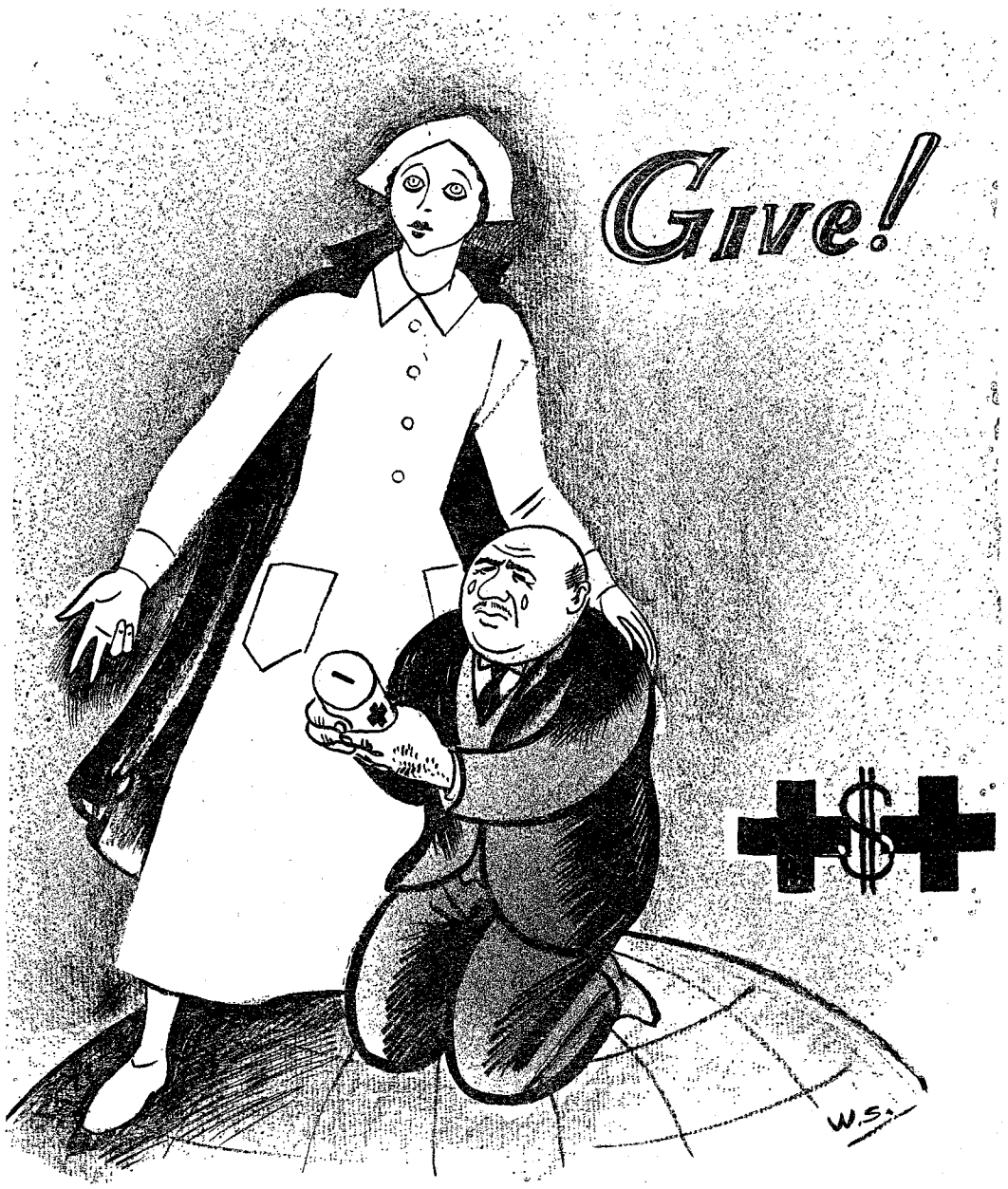
DECEMBER 4, 1934

THE summary report of General Smedley Butler's sensational revelations before the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, though quite incomplete, should be sufficient to sicken and dismay Americans who still cherish the democratic traditions of this country and to whom the Declaration of Independence is still something more than a jumble of resounding words signifying nothing. The Communists have insisted for many months that Roosevelt's New Deal was the carrier of Fascist germs. But the gentlemen of Wall Street, together with the pundits of the Socialist Party, some naively and some hypocritically, pooh-poohed the whole notion as fantastic, absurd, nonsensical, idiotic, the figment of the Communists' overwrought imaginations. Naturally when General Butler's testimony about a Fascist plot, the possible role of the American Legion and the active role of Wall Street, first appeared in the press the same gentleman again broke out into a chorus of "Fantastic!" "Absurd!" "Nonsense!" "A lie!" Yet the evidence is here, and no hypocritical protestations will remove it. Communists have always maintained that Fascism is not the expression of the economic and political will of the petty bourgeoisie, the 75 dollar a week MacGuires, but that of the big capitalists, the Krupps and the Thyssens in Germany, the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Robert Sterling Clarks, the Wall Street magnates in this country. Communists have always maintained that Fascism is capitalism's desperate attempt to maintain itself. Significantly enough, Clark's fascistic overtures to Butler became especially persistent and intense after the strikes at Minneapolis, Toledo, the general strike of San Francisco, and before the textile strike. The symptoms of Fascism become more clearly discernible as the position of capitalism becomes more precarious. It was when Mr. Clark began to sense the grave danger to his entire fortune that he attempted to solicit General Butler's services, assuring the latter that he (Clark) had thirty million dollars and was willing to spend half that amount to protect the other half.



THE DOUBLE CROSS

William Sanderson

THE only difference between millionaire Robert Sterling Clark and millionaire William Randolph Hearst is that the latter, though not less fearful of the proletarian masses, tries, at least in public, to whistle to keep up his courage. "I do not think that there is any danger of Fascism in the United States as yet [as yet!] . . . there is no danger of Fascism as long as there is no danger of Communism . . ." says Hearst. "Fascism will only come into existence into the United States when such a movement becomes necessary for the prevention of Communism. . . . We do not want to have to resort to a Fascist movement in order to prevent such misgovernment." It is not the crisis, not the stupidity, the ineptness, the greed, the inhumanity of Capitalism that are responsible for Fascism! It is the "misgovernment" of Communism! But "misgovernment," the worker is beginning to realize, is a relative concept. To the white guards, the capitalists and the war lords, Communism is "misgovernment." To Mooney, the Scottsboro boys, Herndon, the millions of unemployed and starving and shelterless workers in this country capitalism is "misgovernment." And when enough of Hearst readers realize this point, his day of reckoning will be near.

THE wave of Fascist maneuvers points to the burning necessity for united front actions. With the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party meeting in Boston, Nov. 30 to Dec. 1, the Communist Party has again taken energetic steps to bring about joint discussions. In a letter to the Socialist Executive, the Communist Party points out that the one effective weapon against Fascism is the United Front of the working class, and that the obstacle previously advanced by Socialist leaders that only the Second International could engage in discussions with the Communist Parties no

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longer hold. The Second International has informed all its parties that the decision for joint actions lies with themselves alone. The letter of the Communist Party will be backed by the presence in Boston of a committee appointed by the Central Committee of the Communist Party, consisting of Clarence Hathaway, James W. Ford and Ned Sparks. Meantime the "old guard" of the Socialist Party is furiously organizing to block any move of the National Executive toward joint action with the Communist Party. A letter signed by James Oneal, Algernon Lee and Julius Gerber was mailed to a picked list of the delegates asking for a caucus before the Committee meets. The letter reflects a panic fear of the leftward tendency among the Socialist rank and file. It speaks of the "peril facing New York from the drift toward Communism, a peril that is becoming ever more menacing every week." Our readers will remember that the last proposals of the Communist Party for a united front were "postponed" by the Executive Committee until just this December meeting. The event is a direct challenge to the growing majority of militants in the Socialist Party. Now if ever they must act! They must override their reactionary leaders, who are playing into the hands of American Fascist gangs. They must stand shoulder to shoulder with the Communists in a solid fighting phalanx against the whole crew of adventurers, colored shirts and Wall Street generals "on a white horse."

THE Regional Study Conference on Social Economic Planning (Nov. 23rd—Dec. 1st), held at the Russell Sage Foundation under the auspices of the International Industrial Relations Institute and "designed primarily for those concerned with adult education on social-economic issues," has posed for itself the following all-important question: "What kind of economic planning can end unemployment, establish security, and raise standards of living in proportion to productive capacity?" Under the presidency of Mary van Kleeck, over three hundred earnest men and women, public officials, technicians, economists, managers in industry, have been meeting, listening to scholarly reports representing all shades of opinion, and pondering the various types of planning which are now being promulgated as solutions for the crisis. One of the most important reports before the Conference was that of Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party in this country. After a survey of the New Deal, Browder, drew a striking contrast between the "barren chatter about a planned economy in the United States" and the tremendously successful "experience of scientific planning and the execution of these plans in the Soviet Union." He then traced the development of the conception of economic planning from Marx and Engels, through Lenin, up to and including Stalin and the Five Year Plans. Demolishing one utopian social theory after another, the Social Democratic theory of George Soule, Technocracy, Upton Sinclair's EPIC, the Fascist Plans, etc., Browder pointed out, clearly and succinctly, that the only hope for a scientifically planned society is in the abolition of the profit system and capitalism by a proletarian dictatorship.

Mackey

DURING his career Mr. Samuel S. Leibowitz has had a miraculous success in persuading juries. He has been able to make them cry, laugh—to see the light as he sees it. For this reason it was simply a push-over when he tackled an editor of The Nation to persuade him that the handling of the Scottsboro case by the I.L.D. was inept and unjustified. The Nation in its current issue has fallen for Mr. Leibowitz's line in a big way. It announces that mass protest, which it has denounced consistently in the past, must he dropped immediately, although at the same time it admits the effectiveness of mass protest. It declares that although poor Mr. Leibowitz received no compensation for his defense of the Scottsboro boys the I.L.D. had meanwhile raised "several hundred thousand dollars for propaganda." It suggests that an "impartial" group of lawyers be elected to interview the Scottsboro boys as to their final selection of lawyers. That The Nation's selection of candidates (Arthur Garfield Hays is one, Morris Ernst is another and the president of the Bar Association is the third) can possibly be considered as impartial is hardly worth talking about. The Scottsboro boys without exception have chosen the I.L.D. to defend them, and lugging in the committee selected by The Nation would only further endanger their lives. The American Scottsboro Committee, which sponsors Mr. Leibowitz, has already confused the case sufficiently and we suggest that The Nation should either support the I.L.D., which it admits has handled the case with success, or refrain from giving the free and poisonous advice which appears on its editorial pages.

ROOSEVELT'S post election offensive against labor advances with military precision: the center thrust, delivered by the generalissimo himself at the conference to combat social insurance, has been followed by attacks from his "right" and "left" wings. The battle is waged along three fronts: union organization, relief and public works—Generals Richberg, Hopkins and Ickes directing the big push. The high-spot was hit by Richberg, chief of the N.R.A., in his speech reinterpreting the Houde decision and defining section 7a of the N.I.R.A. If the Communists' warning to labor at the very first that section 7a was designed to serve as an effective barrier to bona-fide unionization, instead of aiding it, needed any further confirmation, it was afforded by the Richberg interpretation. Speaking for the administration, he flatly came out for the open shop and the company union—the "American plan" guaranteed by no less an authority than section 7a. Last September the National Labor Relations Board handed down a decision in the Houde case which was hailed as a great victory for labor. It ruled that the A.F. of L. union at the Houde Engineering Corporation in Buffalo, which had overwhelmingly defeated a company union at an election, "would be the exclusive collective bargaining agent of all employees." The right of majority rule, so important to union organization, was thus clearly recognized.

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This decision was openly defied by the Houde Corporation, which continued to deal with the discredited company union. When U. S. Attorney-General Cummings repeatedly refused to prosecute the Houde Company, he gave a hint of the government's stand; that stand is now definitely established by the Richberg repudiation of the Houde decision. Using such insidious terms as "coercion," "trickery" and "compulsory organization," Richberg delivered a thinly veiled but nonetheless vicious attack on labor's most effective defense, the closed shop. He flatly denied "that the representatives elected by a majority must be accepted as the exclusive representation of all the employees thus compulsorily organized." This declaration means simply that the bosses, with the administration's blessing, are given carte blanche to create company unions to combat bona-fide unions in their plants. It cannot be doubted that the Houde decision was a concession wrung from the government by labor as a result of the recently ended San Francisco general strike. It was a patch intended to repair the badly-tattered fiction that the government was an "impartial judge" in the conflict of classes. One of the major lessons the Richberg repudiation holds for workers is that they must be ever on guard to defend whatever gains they may make, and that every inch of the way towards final victory must be fought for tooth and nail.

RICHBERG'S assault was followed the very next day by a double-barreled wage-cutting drive by the alleged "left" of the administration, Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins and Public Works Administrator Ickes. Hopkins, in announcing the abandonment of the F.E.R.A. minimum wage of 30c per hour and pay-cuts to conform with "prevailing local rates," administered a blow not only to relief standards but to wage standards generally. It represents a signal triumph for the employing class, which has been putting pressure on the administration to drop even the miserable 30c minimum on the ground that it spurred their own workers, who were being paid less than this starvation rate, to demand better wages. When Governor Talmadge of Georgia urged the relief-wage cut last winter, Hopkins rebuked him, declaring that: "Some people just can't stand to see others making a living wage." ($12 a week!) His own words are now flung in his teeth: both Hopkins and Roosevelt (who directly ordered the abandonment of the minimum wage) openly align themselves with "some people." Simultaneously with Hopkins' statement came one from Ickes brazenly calling upon construction workers, particularly those in the building trades, to accept a drastic reduction in wage scales, with the promise of more work held out as bait. In its bare essentials, the Ickes proposal represents that fond notion of capitalism, the share-the-misery plan, which has become a pivotal point in the administration's present "recovery" drive.

ICKES is a demagogue of no mean proportions. While he breezily talks of government - financed public works in terms of billions, he actually permits only pennies to trickle through his hands. Recent statistics show that of the original $3,300,000,000 public works appropriation voted by Congress, for a one year plan eighteen months ago, only 25 percent has thus far been expended. And while Ickes carries on his heroic word-play with Federal Housing Administrator Moffet, loudly calling for greater federal expenditures for housing, the same figures show that only 1 percent of the $135,300,000 allotment to the Emergency Housing Corporation had been expended by him up to September 30th. Ickes wage-cut plan was immediately endorsed by William Green, ever true to the traitor-tradition of the A. F. of L. leadership. That the pay-cutting campaign now being pressed by the administration is not confined to relief, public works and construction is clearly evidenced by the love-fest at the White House between Roosevelt and Edsel Ford the other day. As announced in the press, the kernel of their conversation was "cooperation" between the government and private industry in instituting a plan for a "guaranteed annual wage" on the basis of depressed pay-rates for the American laboring masses. In the same way that the imposition of sales taxes to raise relief funds places the burden of relief squarely on the workers by taxing them as consummers, so the highly-touted "re-employment" program of the administration is intended to shift the whole load of "economic recovery" on the workers via the "share-the-work" plan. Soak the poor! From whatever angle you view the administration's latest maneuvers, it spells misery for the workers, unless they refuse to take it like lambs. And

New Masses

VOL. XIII, No. 10 CONTENTS DECEMBER 4. 1934

Editorial Comment 3
Prayer for Thanksgiving—1934 James Neugass 6
Anti-Semitism: What to Do About It 8
The Middle Class Must Choose 9
Will the Farmer Go Red?
1: The Best Next Year Country John Latham 13
"We'll Let Them Take Their Medicine" Slater Brown 14
Korea: Annex of Japan....Harold Ward 15
The Crisis of Capitalist Culture Nicolai Bukharin 16
Correspondence 19
Review and Comment 21
The Search for an Image James T. Farrell 21
A Study in Comparative Literature Granville Hicks 22
History for the Leisure Class David Burrows 24
Minus the Most Important Problem Donald Hemsley 24
What the Author Does Not Hear Myra Page 25
Redder Than the Rose....Robert Forsythe 26
Music: The Philharmonic's Varied Course Ashley Pettis 27
Quintanilla's Etchings..Stephen Alexander 28
"On the Waterfront".....Peter Ellis 28
Curent Theatre 29
The Dance.....Edna Ocko 30
Between Ourselves 30
Drawings by
Russell T. Limbach, William Sanderson, Crockett Johnson, Whitman, Ned Hilton, Mackey.

EDITORS:

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we reiterate our conviction that they won't take it as Roosevelt and the bosses wish them to.

THREATS to stop all relief to striking dyers—a newspaper campaign to whip up feeling against the strike—an invitation to the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars to "help" open the mills—attempts to force the strikers into a "secret ballot" conducted by the Chamber of Commerce—an effort to obtain an injunction against picketing—these are some of the ruthless means by which the mill owners and business men of Paterson, N. J., are trying to break the dyers' strike. They have so far failed. After six weeks the 25,000 silk dyers are still out and have countered successfully every move of the employers. When the Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis and Rotary clubs called a "hearing" on November 20 to propose the secret ballot, the striking dyers and thousands of sympathetic workers swept through the streets, shouting in protest. This effectively stopped the talk about a ballot, by which the mill owners hoped to split the ranks of the strikers. But newspaper headlines continue to incite prejudice against the strike. The tactics used by the business organizations and newspapers of Paterson are those which always precede vigilante terror. The mill bosses went still further; they requested the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars to help them open the mills on November 26. Here again they met with a rebuff. The Legion and V. F. W. refused to act as thugs for the companies. Commander William Brown of the Raymond Pellington Post, 77, is reported to have said, "The constitution of the Legion pledges the organization to strict neutrality on all questions pertaining to industrial strike." Mass picket lines were out November 26, and the mills did not reopen.

THE threat to cut off the already meager relief allotments came from Bertram H. Saunders, chairman of the County Relief Advisory Council, who announced "either a cut in the amount of relief or an absolute stoppage." This statement was greeted by a wave of protest from middle class tradesmen and workers throughout the silk manufacturing region. In Hudson County the Pioneer Piece Dying Company sought an injunction to restrain the strikers from picketing. The firmness and militancy of the Paterson dye workers in the face of these attacks is inspiring. In one shop a complete victory has been gained. The William Wilhelm Company agreed to the workers' demands for a hundred percent union shop, a 36-hour week and 68 cents an hour. With the exception of this company not a single mill has reopened, and not a single worker is known to have returned. As we go to press the American Federation of Silk Workers is meeting in convention in New York City. The Paterson delegation to the convention was elected by the rank and file which defeated the slate proposed by Eli Keller's machine. Keller will be remembered as the Paterson labor leader who helped Gorman and MacMahon sell out the textile strike in September. The reactionary leadership is still in the saddle at the convention and has succeeded in blocking several resolutions proposed by the militant wing, but the convention endorsed the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill, and the rank and file succeeded in electing one member to the Executive Committee.

Prayer for Thanksgiving—1934

JAMES NEUGASS

"Godheads of the Republic, the banks, the great administrative
buildings of marble,
The bronze-roofed Bureaus, the classic stone houses of the
State Authority;
We bless you, grieved and still trembling, we send you our
most patriotic thanks,
For you heard us in this hour of darkness, and dropped an
extra bean in the soup:

"We bless you, O Holies of the Republic, mystic abstract
principles of Democracy,
We, in this time of curious unnamed disease, a metaphysical
syphilis of commodities,
At the hour when the earth freezes and a permanent winter
of strangulation descends,
We bless you for your attentions, your patience and very un-
derstanding good-will:

"O priests and monks of Washington, we thank you for plow-
ing-under our green fields;
It was you who drowned our pigs, shot our cattle, made
blessed our Western drought;
It was you who showed us that we hunger with plenty, and
flourish with plagues;
You sanctified bollweevil and fruitfly, taught us to hope for
locusts and floods:

"In this time of Thanksgiving for disease, we beg still another,
a final favor.
Breed, dear Gods of Democracy, a germ to float in the wind,
a germ to seek out and
Enter the wombs of all our women, but particularly the
wombs of the most needy,
And make them sterile fortresses, impregnable to passion, love,
desire and biology:

"O father Roosevelt, hear us now. Please set up Boards of
Birthrate Diminution,
Send Mediators, Arbitrators, Inspectors and Conciliators and
Compliance Boards
To the late midnights of our bedsides. But do not wait.
Rush us some kind of drug
To paralyze the ovaries of all women who have whelped full
quotas of Unemployables.

"Please, O Aliens in Washington, statesmen and lobbyists, press-
gangs and pimps,
Please listen to us now. Otherwise, we might get rough.
Something might happen."

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Anti-Semitism: What To Do About It

FOR the first time in its history the United States faces the consequences of organized anti-semitism. As John L. Spivak pointed out in his concluding article (THE NEW MASSES, Nov. 27), pogroms are not only possible, but probable. The various shirted movements will see to that. The American Jew is today confronted with anti-semitism everywhere: in the college, in the neighborhood, in the factory and shop. This country, once the refuge of oppressed Jewry, is today developing as menacing a form of Jew-hatred as now exists in Germany and Poland.

Bourgeois liberalism, now in its last stages of decrepitude, cannot rouse itself to recognize today's realities. The liberal would still like to console himself with the thought that hatred of the Jew is an imported, "un-American" creed, incapable of striking root here. It is a fad from over-seas—a transitory phenomenon which will be gone tomorrow. He does not understand that anti-semitism is neither a manifestation of Czarist despotism nor merely the domestic policy of Hitler. Its significance is much deeper; it grows out of present day capitalist civilization as inevitably as do wars and revolutions.

One cannot understand the "problem of the Jew" without analyzing the complex of economic, religious, racial and national factors involved.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, when the German labor movement first came into contact with organized anti-semitism, Engels could write: "Anti-semitism is the sign of a backward culture and for this reason is only to be found in such countries as Prussia, Austria and Russia. Anyone preaching anti-semitism here in England or in America would be laughed to scorn." But that was in the last century. Nineteen-thirty-four presents a different story. No one either in England or America today dares laugh at a movement which fifty years ago the progressive capitalist countries would have considered a disgrace to their civilization. The anti-semites of today are the children of the erstwhile industrially progressive bourgeoisie. We can by this fact measure the cultural level of our time.

A moment's consideration of Germany, today's classic land of anti-semitism, is pertinent here. Anti-semitism appeared there in organized form in the Seventies, a direct consequence of the bitter economic crisis of 1873. Where this anti-semitism said "Jew" it meant "capital." August Bebel, then leader of German Social Democracy, called this anti-semitism the "Socialism of the Imbecile." This "imbecilic Socialism" continued through the years waxing in crises and waning in periods of relative prosperity, until Hitler refurbished it with all the trappings so well known today. The medieval persecutions of the Jews, springing entirely from economic motives, had been carried out under the cloak of religion. It was God's work to smite the Jew. In the anti-semitism of today "race" and "nationality" replace the Holy Ghost.

The fundamental economic source of anti-semitism was carefully hidden in Germany. Yet when the ruined middle-classes in that land revolted against the Jew they did so because he personified Capital that was destroying them.

As long as the bourgeoisie could accumulate and feel assured of its riches, it had no reason for organizing the forces of the lower middle-class against the proletariat. The quicker the petty bourgeoisie was ruined, the better for capital; the better for the commodity market. The industrial reserve army was thereby increased and wages went down. The relative weakness of the labor movement and the objective possibilities for expansion of capital were the basis for the liberalism of the bourgeoisie. The revolutionary maturity of the working-class and the universal crisis of capitalism in the post-war period constitute the causes for the process of Fascization today going on throughout the capitalist world. As part of the mobilization of all reactionary forces against the threatening proletarian revolution, anti-semitism becomes one of the most effective weapons of the bourgeoisie for diverting and confusing the revolutionary impulse. With the aid of anti-semitism the bourgeoisie has undertaken the political organization of the wavering middle-classes. For this reason the "Hate-the-Jew" creed has become a political question of prime significance for the working-class itself.

Thus the Jewish question is primarily a class question: it is involved thoroughly in the incessant conflict raging between the upper bourgeoisie and the proletariat. If any further proof is necessary let us recall the years of the Russian civil war: Jewish industrial magnates supported the pogrom generals. In February of this year, when the Austrian workers fought their heroic battle against the Catholic Heimwehr Fascists, the rich Viennese Jews hastened to furnish the Dollfuss government with money. The same in Nazi Germany, where Fascism has thus far developed the most definitive form of anti-semitism, hundreds of Jewish revolutionaries have been murdered, but not a single big Jewish banker has thus far been expropriated. (The first "nationalization" of a Jewish department store in Nuremburg, recently reported in the press, is the best example of Hitler's class policy regarding the Jewish question.) Wealthy Jews helped to finance Hitler's rise to power. There are bourgeois Jewish organizations in Germany which openly and voluntarily declare their loyalty to the Fuehrer.

Immediately after the August elections this year (after the party purge of June 30) Dr. Neumann, chairman of the "Union of National-German Jews," issued the following historic proclamation:

> The members of the Union of National German Jews, founded in 1921, have in war and in peace placed the well-being of the German people and the German Fatherland, with which we feel ourselves inextricably bound up, above our own. For this reason we welcomed the national revolution of January, 1933, although it was accompanied by certain hardships for ourselves, for we consider it the only means of eliminating the damage done in fourteen miserable years by un-German elements. We are in entire agreement with the political legacy of the honored president and director of the state, Hindenburg, who has acclaimed the deeds of the Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler, as a decisive step of deep historical significance, at the same time declaring that much still remains to be done, and that the National revolution must be followed by a reconciliation embracing the entire German people.
>
> That portion of the German Jews, who know no fatherland other than Germany belong to the German fatherland body and soul. . . ."

The conclusions from these facts have a direct bearing on the situation in

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America today. Hundreds of thousands of Jews, accustomed to a degree of security from race hatred, suddenly find anti-semitism all about them. What has become of their haven—America? The ghetto and the pogrom, which yesterday seemed like an evil story out of an old book, today become a reality.

In America we find two reactionary nationalist organizations seeking hegemony over the Jewish masses: The American Jewish Committee, led by the upper crust, and the American Jewish Congress, the upper middle-class groups, many of which are clustered about Zionism. Their solution of the anti-semitic danger has been characterized by their pussy-footing policies concerning Hitler, their exaggerated nationalism, their extreme wariness of offending the powers that be. After all, they will not reverse history and act contrary to the behavior of their fellow-bankers in Germany. Herr Neumann's manifesto is an international object lesson.

The only safety for the Jew, his only tactic, can be his alliance with the working-class. For after all, Fascism is primarily directed against the producing masses and not against the Jewish masses. The Jew is made a scapegoat; his own co-religionist in the upper class will turn him over to the American fascist when it becomes expedient. Spivak produced undeniable proofs of the financing of anti-semitic organizations by the American Jewish capitalists.

The Jewish question and anti-semitism can only be solved by the class which strives toward the fall of the exploiter-class: the proletariat. In the Soviet Union there is no longer a Jewish question. There it has been solved as part of the question of national minorities. Only there is it possible for the Jewish people, freed from all forms of exploitation and oppression, to develop its national culture.

But there are millions of Jews who are not ready for this solution. They must be taught that only a classless society can finally put a stop to their misery. But in the interim, these Jews —whether they be workers, or professionals, or small business-men — must realize that a common fighting front with the working-class on the specific anti-Fascist issue is necessary. Fascism is not inevitable. Pogroms are not inevitable. They can be circumvented if a powerful enough united front is welded.

The Jewish - American Clubs, with headquarters at 80 East 11th Street, have been formed for this purpose. Their program has been drafted to include students, middle-class groups, in the fight against anti-Semitism, against Fascism. This organization is affiliated with the American League Against War and Fascism.

The lessons for American Jewry to observe are manifest. There was Czarist Russia. Today there is Hitler Germany. The moral is inescapable; the Jewish masses cannot stave off anti-semitism by themselves. They cannot purchase safety through meekness, nor retreat to the synagogue, nor even flight to Palestine. They must stay and defend themselves. They can only accomplish this through alliance with all those socially-conscious forces, who like them have everything to lose from the success of a fascist movement. Without them, the Jews are consigned to the Ghetto, doomed to massacre and pogroms.

The Middle Class Must Choose

WHERE can the middle-class turn—the little businessman, the one-clerk storekeeper, the independent grocer and the corner druggist, the small butcher and the clothing dealer, the salaried white collar worker—in this second year of the New Deal? The question is one of the most important facing the masses in America today.

The small merchant is a capitalist at heart. In better times he grabbed all he could, often by the most intensive exploitation of his few employes. Today he cries out for help and represents himself as one who unselfishly seeks to "serve society." But the question is not to be solved by moral judgments. It must be seen in terms of the economic and social position of this class in relation to the struggle between the whole mass of the workers and the capitalists. The two alternatives before the small merchant are becoming ever clearer: Shall he become Fascist or Communist? Shall he throw in his lot with the militant struggles of the vastly greater body of industrial and farm workers, or shall he support the rule of the very capitalists who have always exploited him and now are crushing him out of existence?

Two years ago Roosevelt made his campaign for the presidency on the slogan of "the forgotten man." It was easy for the small merchant to believe that he was "the forgotten man," and to see himself as the sole beneficiary, once Roosevelt had set about his famous task of "driving the money changers out of the temple." As Roosevelt's N.R.A. codes emerged, they were shown, one after the other, to be written dead against the small fellow and in favor of the monopolies. In 1934 the small merchant and business man is worse off than ever before, and feels he has been betrayed. He is discontented, but this discontent of itself does not guarantee that the same thing will not happen again. The examples of Fascist Italy, Austria and Germany prove, over and over again, that unless the middle-class elements can be won over to active sympathy with the working-class, they eventually provide the mass base for the Fascists. And the Fascists, taking power as agents of the big capitalists, immediately forget all their promises to their middle-class supporters, and set out to further enslave and destroy them.

Why have the Fascists been able to win over such large sections of the middle-class? Economics and history are against the Fascists. Fascism has solved no problems in the countries where it rules. It has only intensified the insane contradictions of capitalism. It has lowered living standards, increased unemployment, promoted a mad nationalism and war preparations, and fostered race hatred and persecution. To maintain itself it has had to use the utmost terror against the working and middle-classes. On the basis of Mussolini's record in Italy—too little known to the world in detail because of his iron censorship—Fascism had not the shadow of a claim to power anywhere else. Yet it seized power in Germany and Austria, it is pressing for power in Spain, it is raising its head in England and America. How does it gain the atten-

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tion and for a while the support of the middle-class? Fascism's method is demagogy. Aware of the desperate trader and the professional worker, Fascism puts forth slogans which pretend to fight for their interests.

The most precious possession which the small merchant believes he owns is his independence. Actually he is not and cannot be independent. He has to go hat in hand to the bank for his loan, to the wholesaler for his credit; in many cases he is merely a tolerated appendage of the chain distributor. His measure of real economic security is little greater than that of the commercial employee, subject to summary discharge. His fate is intimately bound up with the fate of the industrial worker. How can millions of small business men in America function successfully while the great industries are steadily hammering down the wages of their remaining workers and while millions of unemployed never see a dollar in cash from one week to the next? The purchasing power of the masses has fallen steadily, and with this decrease the small trader's possibility of disposing of his goods diminishes. To the small merchant, in short, there remains only the outward appearance of independence—the responsibilities and hazards of being "in business" without any of its compensations. In vast numbers the small merchant is becoming proletarianized, and those who remain "in business" grow steadily more dependent on monopoly capital, which exploits them in innumerable ways.

But the small merchant who has not been able to understand what has happened to him dreams of a return to his former "prosperity." He wants to return to a period of free and unrestricted competition, not realizing that he is living in a period dominated by monopoly. He wants to get back his "independence," and thinks he can get it back while preserving that same capitalism which has forever destroyed it. This longing for the irretrievable past is as reactionary in our day as was Jeffersonian agrarianism in the last century. This is the mood which the high-powered salesman of big capital exploits with his demagogic promises, and it is in this way that the middle-class is duped.

The basis of united action between the small merchant and the industrial worker, on the other hand, is real. Formerly the small tradesman, if he failed in business, could become a proletarian and still earn some sort of living. Today, not only does the continuing crisis with its unemployment tend more and more to put the small merchant out of business, but it at the same time closes any other means of making a living. Formerly the small merchant, by toiling many more hours than even the factory worker, could still plan to scrape and save and send his son through college and into one of the professions. Today, in America as in all countries in Europe, there is an "overproduction" of intellectuals. Fascist Germany has "solved" this problem, not by opening up new possibilities for trained men and women, but by curtailing university enrollments by law. Already they have reduced the number of students in Germany universities from 30,800 in 1931 to 15,000 in the present year—and they propose to keep the figure to 10,000 for the future. This method is typical of Fascism everywhere. It seeks to maintain the existing capitalist system by securing for a small portion of the intellectual and lower business class a favored position at the expense of the larger portion of these same classes. The majority are deprived of any possibility of rising socially or even of maintaining any kind of existence outside of forced labor camps. Unable to do away with the unemployment of intellectuals or to maintain a livelihood for the small merchant, Fascism splits them into a privileged section (based on race, on rabid support of Der Fuehrer and the like) and a large unprivileged section which is forced out altogether.

The basis for united action between the small business man and the industrial and farm workers is a real one. Their basic interests are connected, although temporary conditions have occasionally brought them into passing conflict. When such a development occurs, the most advanced section of the working-class knows how to deal with it. An interesting example is found in Greece, in a movement of small automobile drivers and their owners against big foreign capitalist interests. In the course of this joint struggle the chauffeurs demanded an increase in wages from their small employers. The Communist Party of Greece came out in principle in defense of the workers' demands. At the same time it recommended that these demands should not be put in the forefront during the period of the joint struggle against foreign capital.

The need is, then, for the small business man to realize that all measures which link up his fate with the fate of dying capitalism are directed in the long run against the basic interests of the whole lower middle-class, whose fundamental interests are tied up with those of the proletariat and with the victory of Socialism. These classes must be brought into united struggle with the proletariat before they are misled into bloody struggles under the aegis of Fascism.

But what will happen to this section of the middle-class when the proletariat come to power? It must be clear to all that the revolutionary proletariat does not aim to expropriate the small handicraft workers, the small tradesmen and other representatives of the middle strata. The working-class has a wide range of possibilities for bringing about the transition of the middle-class to Socialist forms of production *without resorting to expropriation*. As Marx and Engels said, the working-class does not want to take away the property of the small business man —capitalism has already done so in large part.

There are many men in business today in this country who would be only too glad to be relieved of their business without suffering complete loss and destitution. Now the proletariat not only does not force these merchants into bankruptcy and despair but it opens up the possibilities of voluntary cooperation of the handicraft men, the employment of small dealers as employees and qualified specialists in the apparatus of cooperative trading societies, with guarantees to maintain and improve the standard of living of these strata. There can therefore be no talk of the pauperization of the non-exploiting strata of the petty bourgeoisie. On the contrary the proletarian dictatorship will put an end to the present rapid pauperization of the non-proletarian masses and open up to them the path towards a cultural and prosperous life on the basis of Socialist forms of economy. The revolutionary working-class, then, offers these lower strata of the middle-class—small business men and petty industrialists as well as technicians, professionals, teachers, salesmen—the only fruitful means of struggle for their immediate demands and the only way out of their present harrassed position. And such action on a common front is the only way to prevent the rise of Fascism.

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Will the Farmer Go Red?

1. The Best Next Year Country

JOHN LATHAM

The farmer as a human being, not as a numeral in the vast compilations of the A. A. A., will be presented in this series of six articles. What does he think of the paradox of crop reduction and relief programs? How do they affect him? The New Deal appears to be liquidating, not the farm debt, but the farmer. Money rolling to the farmer, rolls back to bankers. In order that farming continue as a commercial enterprise the author concludes that the small and many middle farmers must go. His conclusions, reached after an intensive study of North and South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska, cover more than the drought situation. They deal with the fundamental problem of the farmers' future that cannot yield a living to the masses of farmers without a planned economy and that in turn implies a system in which a planned economy may operate. That this present system is not able to produce a plan that will do more than ruin millions in order to save profit for a few, is the main subject of these articles, drawn from first hand materials in the middle west and leading into a discussion of the dilemna as it affects the farmer today. .Not only definite ideological alignments are being formed in the middle west as brought out by John L. Spivak's last article a week ago, but the entire economic structure is crystallizing so that farmers are being forced to confront their own positions. Will they follow leaders like Reno or will the rank and file go red?—THE EDITORS.

PIERRE, S. D., OCT. 2.

COME INTO South Dakota from the east and the vegetation begins to dwarf near the Minnesota border. The ground gets a stiff baked look, corn shrivels to a few inches with puny tassels in the midst of black drifted top soil. Mitchell 75 miles ahead is worse, they say, and in Mitchell somewhere further on it is not so good and further on, west of the river is even worse. These hopeful people are not aiming to wear sackcloth and ashes. From Mitchell to Pierre, swinging south to skirt the Rosebud country, not a green thing is to be seen for miles. This is the highest population area in the state, but no garden stuff thrived this year. In a distance of more than 400 miles only two gardens of a few sickly green cabbages. A bushel of carrots, a squash and two cabbages were up for sale on the street of Platte, a town almost tipsy from the excitement of federal money pouring in the day before. Groves of young trees are nibbled bare. There's a bounty of $20 for a full grown tree, they say, but only the nurseryman can profit in a grasshopper country. Lilac bushes and shrubs are whittled bones, gray haunches of trees lunge from naked earth that looks strangely mild in its recent coating of topsoil from distant places.

Many a field has been planted to wheat, then to corn, and to corn again to yield not one spear. Potatoes cooked in the ground, beans never sprouted. At Bijou Hills someone raised three bushels of potatoes in the shade of cottonwood trees. But a killing frost on September 20 ruined not only what was left of miserable gardens but spoiled much cane and corn fodder. Not that anyone was getting much of a crop. The biggest crop and the only one visible to the casual eye, is the Russian thistle crop that the farmer claims is little better than a snowbank. The relief administrators say a fine mash can be made of this stuff of high protein value especially if mixed with molasses. When a farmer heard this he said if he ever got hold of molasses he'd eat it himself not put it on thistles. Still, rains have been coming here for over a month. Bottom pasture in places looks fair, the culls have been weeded out, cattle that are left look good to the eye. The condemned animals are dead or in the slaughter pens; the thin stuff is sent to government pastures or cut up for canned food for those on relief. It's only underneath that the picture appears as sombre as ever.

Not even the jubilation of the small town business man who finds himself taken care of through the farmers' relief checks and his spokesman, the small-town editor, can hide the unchanged condition of a country gradually being liquidated. The Mitchell Republican trumpets "cheerful news" that cash coming into the district this year is highest since 1930. "The bottom has been reached and the upward march is well under way." Still no one can spot a dollar that is not federal money. That is being smeared around like honey. Who is getting it is another matter. It filters down through a mixture of projects and passes through many hands. The last and final hands, by common consent, seem to be the bankers.

But money is here. Without it, all hands from state officials to poor farmers, seem to agree that riots would be breaking out all over. The slightly improved conditions of the last month, the temporary pasture, the alfalfa cut short, the thistle and pigeon grass crop, the new feed loan given on a personal note without security, the government purchase of starving cattle, work relief for at least one-third the total population—in rural areas it varies from 75 to 90 percent—all these palliatives have soothed the situation for the present.

Winter is coming. Snow began to fly yesterday. It is warm in the state capitol and in government relief offices. The higher to the top of the heap, the more smug the official, the more certain that the farmer is better off than he might be. There is, of course, no doubt of that. Even a little relief goes a long way when there is nothing. And in this state, many get $30 a month. It's a little hard to find these $30 fellows, but figures from the capitol show that they are there. County relief administrators are a little nervous. They like to talk in low voices, eyes cocked toward the door. At Pierre they laugh off the petition of 500 in Davison County for a Farmers and Laborers committee to administer relief. "They'll get tired of standing around without pay." But in Davison County it is not so lightly taken. Of course "it is directed by eastern Communists." They always come from somewhere else; in the south they come from the north, in the north they are foreigners. But this committee sprung from rank and file choice is as significant as anything in the picture.

Curiously enough it ties up with many other signs that are also being ignored. Good jobs blind the eye; the powers that be do not hear the mutterings that go on behind their backs for control by their own people. Even small town papers join in this cry; the entire state, squeezed with its back to the wall, presses all it has into a last demand for a voice in its destiny.

To still that voice, many ingenious contrivances are afoot. It is hard to say how many minds are fuddling over cattle buying, mattress making, canned beef factories, lumber camps for the establishment of material for more subsistence homesteads. Rural rehabilitations with farm homes to be constructed of genuine wood with modern conveniences, windmills and barns for under $2,000 sprout as the seeds never did this year.

A farmer working out his relief on the road is galled at the thought of the number of people sitting around taking care of him. He hasn't enough clothes to his back, his cattle are gone, his taxes are unpaid, he owes heaven only knows how many government loans for feed and seed, and yet swivel chair artists are getting fat salaries. No one understands but the farmer the kind of gathering indignation that festers around that fact. Certainly the officials, often working in circles to the best of their ability, do not know of his point of view.

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The two groups seem to talk different languages. In Pierre an official was surprised to hear that farmers in Aurora County where the soil is good had not had more than one good crop in 12 years. In '27 the corn crop was fine and in '32 there was a small grain crop, but no price. Oats brought 7 cents and wheat went for 30 cents. Officials like to say that the last two years are the only two consecutive years when there was no crop. But in many areas, farmer after farmer can tell a story going back 10 years, some 12. Years when crops were good, prices were poor. Now prices are good and there is nothing to sell.

Much of this country was settled by hopeful homesteading teachers and clerks in tarpaper dugouts as late as 25 years ago. Mile after mile totters to ruins; unpainted buildings, rusty heaps of machinery, empty decaying cornbins. Up to the very door, not a blade of green. The faded paint on doors is stained with mud. Chickens picking dirt the only living things. Where are the people? It is like a ghost country. No one works in the field. Now and then a bony cow ambles along the road; two sheep stare out from behind thistles. It's an event to see a man in a field. He is probably cutting down the bits of corn that never grew more than a couple of inches. Mixed with thistle they can only keep a beast alive.

More than half the cattle in the state has been culled. Figures differ as to the number of condemned. The largest amount of the 800,000 were bought by the government or packers. The top government price is $20 for a two-year-old, $14 for a yearling. Five years ago a yearling brought $106 in Chicago. Calves are from $8 downward, depending on size. The farmer takes this money but he does not keep it. Few farmers have unmortgaged cattle. The banker gets all but $6 and many get everything if the original mortgage was higher. The farmer gets rid of his cattle. He goes home to his barn. He may have a few mortgaged animals still left. No one knows why these beasts should be wintered through except the farmer. He has a reason that satisfies himself. "A cow will eat herself up in eight months. We get a feed loan to winter through, $3 a month. She ain't worth any more than that. Why is the government letting us keep some of the cattle? Why, to help the banker. He expects a higher price and we're saving them for him. Then it keeps us off the road. Hundreds of thousands of farmers on the roads ain't a pretty sight, we might get into the cities and make trouble."

Even the fellow without a mortgage is hitting out at the banker. Some of these unmortgaged places have quite a history. A farmer of Bohemian stock in Brule County said he came there in 1880 when nine years old. He broke out land for a farmer when he was eleven, working like a slave. In 1898 his father gave him $400 to buy a quarter. Now he owns 720 acres. Taxes, if he paid them but nobody pays taxes, would be $415. He hasn't any crop. He can't eat his land. In '32 he had a crop and hay was $2 a ton, oats 7 cents. He swears he can't get a loan from a bank and no one wants to buy. It's his idea that a man is smart if he has a big mortgage. The bankers won't foreclose on you if you are in deep. If you have a small mortgage, they will take it and hold it and wait for a rise in land values again.

Not many people hold unmortgaged property. There's a special loan for unmortgaged cattle but in eight counties around Mitchell only 116 such loans have been made since March, 1934. Only 300 applications were made. The mortgaged stuff can get feed relief at the rate of $3 for cows and $1 for hogs, 5 cents for chickens per month on the note of the farmer. If his stock is so low a loan would not amount to $25 he works it out by work relief on road work. The poorer he is, the heavier the blow. There seems to be a definite effort on the part of the government to get the farmer to sell off his stock. They do it on the excuse that it is wasteful to carry over poor animals. It is.

But the history of this state is wasteful. The untaxed property of the Homestake mine in the Black Hills, assessed at $11,000,000 for tax purposes and $100,000,000 on the curb, is an instance. Thirty rural schools here were closed last year. Warrants issued had to be discounted at 1 percent. Teachers drew as low as $30 a month, the average was $40. A gross income tax nicked the people going and coming. Land taxes had been reduced but since the Rural Credit Scheme in 1917 the government owns much of the land. The farmers are 75 percent tenant in some areas and for the whole state the rate is over fifty.

No one accuses the original homesteaders of coining money. Most of them have disappeared, the land has changed hands often. Where the land is submarginal, whole populations must be moved. They are wondering about their future. This country that was settled for some distant future now finds itself face to face with the results. The cry to produce, always to produce, pushed hopeful homesteaders to every corner. Buffalo grass was peeled off where it should never have been touched. Little rivulets were torn up to make room for more cultivated land. Always more land, more crops. Now the land yields only dust storms. But few farmers are fooled by the land or the drought. The trouble is not skin deep. What before that time? Did they ever make a go of it?

Money has been made in this state, there is no doubt. But the enemies of the man in the tarpaper shack have multiplied with the years. Grasshoppers, drought have only been part of it. At the first signs of gain, he will tell you, the railroad was back of the production programs urging him to produce more. "They wanted freight to haul," said the farmer, and later on when the banker had money to lend, he too urged the farmer to produce. "You need a new silo, take five hundred, it's as easy to get as two hundred." The farmer reached out for more land to make ends break even and that needed new machinery. The machinery concerns were pleased. Produce, that was the big idea. Raise more. Expand.

A farmer in a county near the center of the state was mixing up a batch of dough. It was the first bread he had baked for a long time. Flour is very dear. The house was a thin-walled affair. The table was loaded with dirty dishes and the floor with chips. He was batching it, he said. Going to kill the pups, they ate too much and no one wanted them. He'd sold all but four cattle, his brother had some pasture for those. Didn't know how he'd winter through his four horses. That old car out there had stood for two years and he began using her only this spring to get to town to see his wife in a hospital. She died though. He had six boys and was getting work relief; in the summer he got $12 and his boy went to a C.C.C. camp and sent home $25. There's a can of syrup besides the bread he is making and he says they get some meat. He hasn't had but one good crop since he came there in 1924. He bought his land, a section, for $52 an acre in 1919 and you couldn't give it away now. The interest on his land comes to over $700 a year but he paid interest for seven years and then had to quit. He hasn't paid taxes for four years and figures no one wants his place anyhow. It used to raise good corn and small grains. In 1927 he had his last corn crop. In 1932 he got a small grain crop but no price. Outside the house are two dugouts. His house is too cold in winter and they just holed into the ground. One of the dugouts is fancy with a pink stone wall around it and ornamental timbers with the bark on. His wife fixed that, he said. The little pink-walled dugout is now a chicken roost but she used to go there when she was sick and just sit. All around is flat country, with a fine sunset and bleak line of far-off hills. Before they bought this place, they had worked another. Their only crop was six sons.

Where are they going? The man with the two dugouts has lost everything and can't see what is left to lose. A farmer leaning over the fence in the cattle yard at Mitchell speaks up and says that about all the farmer can buy is interest. He isn't allowed to pay taxes, the banker won't let him. He has to ask first. He can't sell anything without the banker's permission and when he gets money, it goes to pay the banker. He looks over the fence at his four cows that have just been sold for $20 each. He has 40 more and he has a feed loan on those. He needs harness, every farmer he knows needs harness and the warehouses are full of harness, but he can't buy it. Same is true of machinery. All he can do is pay interest and everyone knows it can't be done. It's his opinion that the government never expects the money back. As for this program, it is liquidating the farmer so he hasn't got a thing. A 35-pound shoat sold for 18 cents and he had seen men give away hogs rather than feed them. Feed costs too much and hay is out of sight. Corn is 80 cents. Yet come to buy pork and it's 30 cents and lard retails at 17 cents a pound. He stands there, a solid type with clear blue eyes, asking himself ques-

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tions. He thinks this two-party business is all wrong and what is needed is a third party. Asked what his idea of a third party would be, he comes out boldly, Communist. He isn't so sure of the Russian brand, he says, but he thinks it is a good idea. We got to come to something, in his opinion.

They are all wondering what they are coming to. Keeping oneself from starving on a little relief is no life. They get 35 cents an hour for an eight-hour day and it depends on many things how much a family receives. It may be unfair discrimination. The relief committee of Farmers and Laborers in Davison County is bound it will keep a finger in its pie this winter. But the relief head warned them, "Don't bunch up, it's un-American. Come one at a time, and talk it over." That didn't fool the boys, they could see through that and with some flattery to themselves. "He ain't afraid of one of us, but take us together and he's scared."

Last winter the Red Cross asked for gunnysacks to dye for clothing for women. The wife of a formerly prosperous farmer attacked the project bitterly. "What's this," she stormed at the farmers. "You let them make asses out of you long enough and now you want to put the women into flynets." She went around telling the women not to become peasants. The youth are asking why they should raise champions if they must become peasants. But 2,000,000 farmers scheduled to go off the land have to be found somewhere. Take a man's cattle away, mortgage him to the chin, inch up on him year after year, and he might be helpless if he was alone, but he's beginning to find out that numbers count even in grasshopper-bitten country.

The small-town man may be fairly complacent. The farmer has to pay his back debts to him with his relief checks. He can't buy in other towns even though what he wants can only be bought there. He is in fact strapped to his creditors and his food hangs on his unquestioning recognition of that fact. He gets barely enough to eat and he must pay his debts. The farmer paying debts with relief checks is keeping business going in the northwest.

The farmer often says that the small-town business man is the tail to his kite, but it is a heavy tail. It has kept the militant farm movement back. It is the small-town business man who patronizes the farmer with his assurance that the farmer and merchant stand together, and behind his back winks at the Legion. The small-town business man is perhaps fooling himself but not the farmer. The only common ground that these two appear to have is the banker. A fat friendly small-town business man was sure the whole Roosevelt plan was simply wonderful. It was pouring money in. Of course no one could ever pay it back. Some were worrying about that but he said, let those who can worry. Let Wall Street worry. The farmer hasn't anything, why should he worry. Let me tell you if they keep on, why you'll have people shooting those fellows. They got Andy Mellon spotted right now. Course next year may be better. We may get a crop. But he's been here twenty-five years and this country is the best next year country he ever saw.

John Latham's second article in this series, to appear next week, is called Farmer, Look Down That Road!

The Vigilantes Knock at My Door

RUTH ST. IVES

San Francisco.

AT FIRST I laughed. It seemed too amusing that I should be seriously considered a Communist. I? It just showed how little people knew! I had opened an official-looking letter lying on a pile of mail which had accumulated during a month in the Sierras. It was very brief and read: *"Cease your Communist activities or suffer the consequences.* Committee of 60, M—— County." Marvelous! Really, people must have lost their heads in the General Strike!

There were other letters like that—some very personal—pleading that I reconsider my point of view before it was too late. I began to be puzzled. Were these people serious? Did they ask that I shut my eyes entirely to the suffering of more than half the population of this country? Did they want me not to think? What had I been doing to bring this condemnation down on me? For a year or so I had protested with other liberals against the extreme violence used against the working class: the abuse of our courts: the ordinances making impossible free assembly and free speech for one class of the population (the very class that needed to tell their side of the story most, because it was least known): the arrest and imprisonment of Communists for their political opinions: the mounting misery. This I protested. Moreover I had gone myself into the Courts and into strike areas and had seen the men and women who were leading strikes or suffering imprisonment. I told about wretched conditions I had seen myself. I said: "If these things go on we will have Revolution." Revolution was just what I did not want, or thought I should not want. Surely people would wish to prevent it, just as I did: would want the facts. If they only knew the facts they would act intelligently. They would change intelligently.

That was my mistake. My first amusement was gone. This was evidently serious. I realized it more in the days that followed. People who had known me for years suddenly drew away. Had I not worked for County Planning, the Symphony concerts, relief for the unemployed? That did not matter. At dinner tables, bridge, golf, club dances wherever people gathered, so it was reported—indignation and hate was poured out at the mention of my name. All that was monstrous and horrible suddenly became personified in one individual, the only so-called "Communist" in the county. It was I who was "responsible for the General Strike." I had "agitated on the waterfront." I had "cooked for the strikers." I had been "arrested and imprisoned." I had "taken up with cutthroats and criminals and wanted to let loose violence and hunger on society." This and much more despite the fact that I had been four hundred miles from San Francisco during the strike and all my friends knew it.

But, as arch-villain, I began to see society in a new light. Overnight it had been divided into two camps. There was no happy hunting-ground between; only fear and this strange new hostility. In this mood, any violence was possible, it would be possible to raid, destroy, beat, kill.

The community had been frightened. The siren in the fire-house had called them to a general meeting. They had passed resolutions and buckled on their pistols. America was in danger.

This is how they acted—would always act—if their privileges were threatened with any change. I was getting a foretaste of the counter-revolution. I knew now. Revolution was hysteria—great masses suddenly moved in one direction or another. Politics suddenly emotionalized. Ideas suddenly taking hold. Not the same pleasant, reasonable world. No. During the strike even erstwhile liberals had decided this whole business was no longer a joke and it was time to put on the screws. They carried guns with the other Vigilantes and patrolled the butcher or sat at the crossroads. They felt safer.

One or two whispered that they forgave me. But the rift had been made by this flash of hate. Something had been killed. Was it hope still, belief that my kind would be reasonable, intelligent, sensible about change? Was it the liberal attitude about intelligent change?

I had no desire to talk any more. These were not my people or even my class. If this was the way they wanted to act, they could have the revolution. I had done my best. My debt was paid. They had called me a Red. Suddenly—deeply and profoundly—I knew I was.

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"We'll Let Them Take Their Medicine!"

(If Leibowitz Fails to Steal The Scottsboro Case)

SLATER BROWN

ON NOVEMBER 16 a brief news item appeared announcing that a new organization called the American Scottsboro Committee with offices at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, had received permission to incorporate under the laws of the State of New York. The item quoted the application for permission to incorporate, a document which was largely concerned with the collection of money.

"To voluntarily raise and disburse," the document stated, "funds for the legal defense of said defendants in the case of the people of the State of Alabama vs. Haywood Patterson, Clarence Norris, . . . etc." The committee also announced that it was handling the Scottsboro case "exclusively."

Unfortunately for the American Scottsboro Committee's announcements, three facts were receiving considerable publicity at about the same time throughout the country. The first of these was that a stay of execution for Haywood Patterson and Clarence Norris had been granted by the Alabama Supreme Court. The second fact was that applications and accompanying brief for a writ of certiorari to bring the appeal of Norris before the United States Supreme Court had been filed. The third and most important fact was that the stay of execution had been obtained by Osmond K. Fraenkel, attorney in charge of the appeals for the International Labor Defense; and that the writ of certiorari had also been filed by Mr. Fraenkel with the help of Walter H. Pollak, who had prepared the papers for the successful appeal to the same court in 1932.

Undeterred by these facts, which gave absolute proof that the I. L. D. had complete legal charge of the Scottsboro case, which it has handled exclusively, ever since the case began, the American Scottsboro Committee continues to issue its pleas for funds and its assertion that it has full legal powers to defend the Scottsboro boys.

What is this new organization? Who is backing it? And what are its aims, professed and hidden?

Its temporary chairman is George E. Haynes, executive secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, which has offices in the same building. But behind these stands the driving force behind the organization.

This driving force is no less a person than Samuel J. Leibowitz, the famous criminal lawyer. Mr. Leibowitz, who is chairman of the legal advisory board of the American Scottsboro Committee, has applied to the clerk of the Supreme Court for the right to appeal cases and has announced through the committee that, associated with Joseph M. Paley, a professor of law at St. John's Law School, he will appeal the cases of Norris and Patterson before the Supreme Court.

As proof of their assertion that Mr. Leibowitz has legal right to appeal the case, the Committee is giving wide publicity, particularly in the Negro press, to a form letter which merely announces the fact that a clerk of the Supreme Court has received certain documents attempting to prove that Leibowitz and Paley can appeal the case before it. Realizing that many of those interested in the case are not so well versed in legal red tape as Mr. Leibowitz, the Scottsboro Committee is utilizing this simple form letter, which is merely a perfunctory acknowledgment, as proof that Leibowitz and the Committee have complete charge of the case.

Under the persuasive influence of Leibowitz the American Scottsboro Committee is at present going full blast. Although it has no legal authority to defend Norris and Patterson, it is issuing appeals for funds.

In its offices on Fourth Avenue secretaries flit to and fro, telephones ring, newspaper men call and there is a general air that the campaign for funds is proceeding briskly. Dr. Haynes, who is in charge of the office, greeted the interviewer who appeared there last week with a glad, ministerial smile. He was delighted to explain the program of the committee, everything was aboveboard and nothing was to be concealed. News that the Committee had been granted its permission to incorporate had just that moment been received. Dr. Haynes was elated.

He at once began the interview by praising Mr. Leibowitz. Mr. Leibowitz was a lawyer of great acumen, a man completely devoid of self interest, a lawyer who was only preoccupied with the defense of justice and with the eternal values of truth. So careful was Mr. Leibowitz of maintaining the high morals of his exalted profession that when he was recently asked to join a delegation of Negro ministers to persuade Norris and Patterson to sign up with the American Scottsboro Committee, Mr. Leibowitz had refused.

"He did not wish," said Dr. Haynes solemnly, "to place himself in the position of appearing to run after clients."

"And at present has Mr. Leibowitz authority to represent the boys before the Supreme Court?" the worthy doctor was asked.

Dr. Haynes smiled and immediately produced a photostat copy of the form letter of acknowledgment which has already been mentioned.

"We have complete charge of the case," he said. "Money is being received from every quarter, from Jews and Christians alike. And we intend to publish as soon as possible a full report of our contributions and expenditures. . . . The I. L. D. is attempting to browbeat the boys. Mr. Leibowitz has a complete file of all the letters which Norris and Patterson received and many of them are attempts to intimidate the boys into retaining I. L. D. lawyers to defend them. They even forged a telegram from Patterson's mother. Mr. Leibowitz has a copy of it, but he refuses to reveal the contents of most of the letters to anyone."

Dr. Haynes talked on. He was particularly eloquent concerning the Scottsboro Boys' Day when funds were to be collected all over the country. Hundreds of churches had agreed to make the appeal.

"But in the event," the interviewer asked Dr. Haynes, "in the event that the Scottsboro boys should definitely sign up with the I. L. D., retaining the counsel which the I. L. D. has engaged for their defense, will the American Scottsboro Committee turn over all these funds it has collected to the organization handling the case?"

Dr. Haynes paused for a moment in contemplation. The question was evidently painful.

"That the boys will sign up with the I. L. D.," he finally replied, ignoring the fact that the I. L. D. has handled the case for more than three years, and that lawyers retained by the I. L. D. were actively engaged in both South and North for the boys' defense, "is so improbable, so utterly impossible that the committee has not given the question any consideration."

"But in the event," the interviewer persisted, "that the boys do sign up with the I. L. D., for such a thing is not beyond every possibility, would the Committee support the organization with its legal talent? Would it, in other words, make a united front?"

At this question Dr. Haynes smiled. There was no doubt in his mind what the answer to this question would be. He rose and walked to the door with the interviewer.

"If the boys should sign up with the I. L. D.," he said, "if they should retain the lawyers engaged by the I. L. D. the American Scottsboro Committee would completely withdraw from the case and let the boys take their medicine."

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Korea: Annex of Japan

HAROLD WARD

AN INCONSPICUOUS financial item in the London Times may serve to direct attention to one of the most productive and ruthlessly exploited colonies of Japanese imperialism: Korea. This item states that the "Chosen Corporation" (which "owns nearly all the share capital of three Japanese subsidiaries operating gold mining properties in Korea") has done so well that its dividends were increased from 4.5 to 15 percent, and that further profits were realized through a remission of taxes.

Another item, in the Transpacific, reports that during 1933 over 5,000 new applications for gold and silver mining permits were received by the Korean Government-General, which gives the total of mine-lots as 3,343, representing *one-third of the country's area* of some 80,000 square miles. Mine output increased in value by 14,554,000 yen over 1932, the principal gains being in gold, silver, coal and iron. Eight of the fifteen mining concessions still in foreign hands are under American control (including the powerful Colbran-Bostwick interests), but since 1916 Japan has forbidden outsiders to get away with too much mineral-milk from her fat Korean cow.

As for the Koreans themselves—their story is that of colonial populations the world over, including the American. There are local variations, of course, most of which are the direct consequence of the fact—as stated in the Secret Memorandum of Baron Tanaka—that the Koreans are Japan's "vanguard in the colonization of untouched lands": including, besides a "conquered" Manchukuo, a huge slice of the Soviet Union extending westwards to Lake Baikal. (Are not new harbors being built on the coast cities of Yuki, Seishin and Rashin, all within easy striking distance of Vladivostok? And as a base for troops, arsenals and aerodromes northern Korea is ideal.)

"Since we annexed Korea," remarked that ferocious realist, Baron Tanaka, "we have had very little trouble there. We shall always," he added, with an eye on a watchful pack of imperialist wolves, "be able to mislead world public opinion." Another statesman, Terauchi, was more candid: "Koreans must either submit to our laws or die." The Koreans are not—submitting.

In May, 1930, the Korean peasants who had "emigrated" to Manchuria organized a rebellion whose purpose was to build up a Soviet government among the workers. It took eight months for the Chinese and Japanese imperialists to suppress this movement, and after the travesty of a trial in 1933, those prisoners who still survived jail were sentenced to a total of 1,200 years' imprisonment. In December of 1930 a further Korean uprising occurred in Manchuria, and was likewise suppressed by the Japanese military—who today are bitterly harassed by constant resistance of "Red Partisans" throughout Manchukuo, among whom Koreans prominently figure.

In Korea itself conditions among the agricultural and industrial workers are appalling. Special privileges and protection is accorded only to the Japanese, who control 1,263 of the total 1,547 commercial undertakings, permitting the natives to engage only in insignificant craft and home industries. Factory and industrial workers are exploited from 13 to 16 hours a day, receiving wages of from five to twenty-five cents (gold) per day: about half that paid to Japanese workers. Mass unemployment exists without even a pretense at relief, and those who do work (including, of course, all able-bodied women and children) are without the protection of any labor laws and denied the elementary privilege of rest days. Prison discipline and unsanitary conditions prevail in the factories, whose Japanese owners savagely repress attempts at organization and strikes. Women textile workers and those engaged on labor for "assisting the poor" (compare with recent "Shops for Jobless" schemes in this country) are especially victimized.

In agriculture, conditions are worse, if possible. We have seen that one-third of the land is exploited by and for mining interests; of the rest (including forest, unoccupied and estate lands), most is in the possession of Japanese agricultural and irrigation companies, money leagues, big land-owners and plantations, which among them maintain a condition of the most extreme feudalism, plus systematic exploitation and taxation of the tenant-farmers. Korean peasants, in addition to handing over their produce—of which rice is the most important—to the owners at monopolistic prices half the open market price, are forced to buy Japanese goods at high prices and to pay a whole series of heavy taxes. There are 52 different kinds of exactions imposed upon the peasants, of which 11 are direct taxes. Between 1919 and 1933 the land tax increased by 60 percent; local taxes for administrative upkeep have increased 43-fold since 1913, while the head-tax has risen 240 times in eighteen years! When, completely ruined by such treatment, the Korean peasants flee to the Japanese Paradise of Manchukuo, their land immediately passes into the hands of the great companies and banks—which today possess over half of the ploughed area, and exact from the wretched tenants who remain "crop-rents" amounting to 50-80 percent of the harvest. The agricultural workers, whose labor never stops, average 15 cents gold per day in wages, and the total indebtedness of the poor Korean peasants to their Japanese rulers has now reached the enormous sum of 700,000,000 yen (about $350,000,000 at par).

Now the Japanese government is talking about encouraging sheep-raising in northern Korea, the plan being to require each of some 200,000 peasant families in this district to raise 20 sheep each, or five sheep to begin with. This will add one million sheep to the similar capacity for Japan proper (actually, Japan has only 20,000 head, and Korea one-tenth of that). The product, of course, will go to the great textile mills of the "home" country, thus intensifying the bitter textile war between Japan and Great Britain.

The effect of all this (and I have mentioned only the highlights) on depressing the living conditions of Japanese workers and keeping them down is quite obvious, as are also the consequences for the petty-bourgeois and intellectual elements in Korea itself. A recent report from Tokyo, viewing with alarm the "immorality" of Korean youth, especially those belonging to the favored families, comments with approval on the suppression of public dance halls in the country — such places, it seems, are the ruin of the weak-headed colonials; the more so if they have had a "Japanese education." The Government-General of Korea professes great sympathy with these reckless young fellows, and even admits that the Korean people may become "a capable people in 30 or 40 years time if they receive the proper moral and spiritual discipline."

While the rulers chatter and moralize the proletariat observes, thinks and organizes. The Communist Party of Korea, illegal and constantly terrorized as it is, conducts a systematic struggle against the entire policy of Japanese imperialism. Its recently issued "General Demands" have not only a local but an international significance, as readily understood by a share-cropper in our own Southern states as by every coolie, stevedore and worker in the Orient:

1. Expulsion of all Japanese troops and general arming of the workers.
2. Immediate liberation of all political prisoners.
3. Unlimited freedom of speech, press, assembly and conscience; repeal of all laws discriminating against the workers.
4. Abolition of all privileges of rank, all sex and class discriminations.
5. Repeal of the assimilation policy; free general education; no suppression of native languages or dialects.
6. Free government help for the population in all natural calamities.
7. Abolition of system of monopoly prices on agricultural products.
8. Free medical treatment for all workers.
9. Election of judges and officials from, and by the workers, and the full right of recall at any time.

Korea is a long way from New York, Birmingham, Milwaukee or San Francisco—but only geographically. The struggle of the Koreans is the struggle of workers everywhere in the world today. And their courage is the same as that which has already established Soviet power in Russia and in China.

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Crisis of Capitalist Culture

I—The "Paradox" of Fascism

N. BUKHARIN

IT IS NOW generally admitted that we are living in a period of very great historical cataclysms, of violent upheavals in all social life, of the most radical changes, and of the crash of old systems of material existence and the old outlook on life. Wars, revolutions, the crisis, the dictatorship of the proletariat, Fascism, the threat of new wars, the heroic struggle of the Austrian workers—all these facts are extremely ominous for capitalism, which might say, with Horatio:

> In what particular thought to work I know not;
> But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
> This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

The strain of the contradictions which are under constant pressure in the unbearably stuffy atmosphere of the capitalist world may at any moment end in some new catastrophe quite unexpected in its form.

However, we can trace a basic historical "tendency of development" through the cinematographic swiftness and motley change of events. This tendency is expressed first and foremost in the unusually intensive process of the polarization of the classes—the great differentiation in all social forces and ideologies—the sharpening of the struggle between Fascism and Communism, as two class camps—two doctrines—two cultures. If we were to characterize the entire historical situation briefly from this point of view, we might say that great class forces are forming in military array for coming battles—for the battles which will be really final (in the world-historic sense) and really decisive.

For this reason, Fascism must be subjected to thoughtful study in all its aspects, from its economics down to its philosophy. And all these already exist; for the bourgeois ranks are being reorganized with enormous swiftness, both in the form of so-called "national revolutions" and in the form of "plain Fascism." These forms vary greatly, but one cannot doubt their common historical tendency and the common root of their social and political class significance.

A long time ago, before the series of bourgeois revolutions, feudalism gave birth to the absolute monarchy. The czars, emperors and kings, in alliance with the petty land owning nobility, and with the support of the towns, crushed some of the big feudal lords—and by doing this, strange as it may seem, put off the historical date of the end of feudalism. They strengthened feudalism and centralized its *basic* forces under the absolute monarchy, which was overthrown by the bourgeois revolution.

Another world-historic paradox is now being enacted on the historical stage, under entirely different conditions and in an entirely different manner. In the "national revolutions," finance capital and the Junkers—supported by the petty-bourgeoisie, a section of the intelligentsia, and even certain groups of duped workers — advance anti-capitalist slogans, preach "national-socialism," and even sacrifice a section of their class colleagues (Jewish capital and "non-Aryans" in general), while at the same time they strengthen capitalism—or, rather, attempt to strengthen it—by gathering all their forces for the defense of capital, and by declaring a *preventive war* on the working class, on Communism, and on Marxism.

Fascist "order" is the "order" of military, political, and economic *barracks;* it is the military capitalist system of a state of "emergency." This expresses itself in a number of most important facts: in the tendency towards state capitalism; in the "common national," "corporate," etc., dictatorship, with the suppression of a number of internal contradictions; in the establishment of various "mono" systems — "mono - nation," "mono-party," "mono-state" ("totalitarian state"), etc.; in the organization of mass human reserves—petty-bourgeois and, in part, working class; in a whole "incorporated" ideology, attuned to the basic interests of finance capital; and, finally, in the creation of a material and ideological war base.

The so-called fascist "national revolutions," with their anti-capitalist slogans, are really in essence but a speedy reorganization of the bourgeois ranks, eliminating parliamentary changes and the system of competing parties, introducing uniform military discipline all along the line, and organizing mass reserves.

The petty-bourgeois Philistines of the "centre" will say: "But you Communists also do many of these things." Or, as the Social-Democratic petty-bourgeois phrase it: "There is dictatorship here and dictatorship there, both equally abominable." Or: "There is 'Left' Bolshevism and there is 'Right' Bolshevism; and there is no difference in principle between them."

These miserable people, who receive blows both from the left and from the right, do not understand that the *formal* side of the matter alone ("dictatorship" in general), which they understood incorrectly at that, does not decide anything: *the important thing is its class meaning; its content—material and ideological; the dynamics of its development; its relationship with the general current of world historical development.* Only imbeciles can fail to understand that the dictatorship of the *proletariat* and the dictatorship of the *capitalists* are polar opposites, and that their content and historical significance are entirely different. Those who cannot—or will not—understand this will inevitably be crushed and plunged into the inglorious refuse of history.

II: The Crisis and Fascist Ideology

THUS Fascism, in its essence, is a product of the general crisis of capitalism — as Joseph Stalin has emphasized. But from this it follows that the coming of Fascism, in creating something *new (reactionarily* new) in the capitalist ways of living and thinking that had been formed before its coming, could not but bring with it a profound crisis in certain important bourgeois orientations. It should be stated that not all aspects of this complex reorientation are of the same depth or of the same stability: doubtless, many aspects are changing and will change—depending to a great extent on the curve of the economic cycle. But many aspects, of course, will remain, until the development and conclusion of the class struggle puts forward problems of an entirely different nature.

If we are to speak of the fascist bourgeoisie's political and economic platforms and guiding ideas, we must note facts of this sort:

1. *The crisis in the orientation towards swift technical progress.* There was especially profound pessimism in this field during the years of the greatest decline in the cyclical curve. It is well known that all the leading technical publications: Machine Building, American Machinist, and hundreds of others, were full of discussion on the question: Is technology beneficial or harmful? Engineer Heilmich wrote in Machine Building that "there is an enormous army of writers who take a negative attitude towards technology, and even wish for or predict its death." The economic journals strongly recommend a decrease in the rate of technical development.

The bourgeois philosophers began to chant melancholy tunes in a discordant chorus about the soullessness of machine civilization in general. The Keyserlings, our Berdyayevs and Co. (who are suspiciously close to the fascist staffs), and the inevitable "dean of philosophy," Oswald Spengler, who preaches the doom of Europe and of Bismarck's "socialism," have all begun to criticize technique as such: not the capitalist application of tech-

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nique (that would be a criticism of the very *foundations* of capitalism and capitalist exploitation), but technique itself.

The machine, Spengler affirms, is beginning to hinder the human being (the multitude of automobiles in the streets): "In Argentina, Java, and other places, the small landowner's simple plough is superior to big motors, and is beginning to drive them out." [1] The end of modern machine culture is inevitable. "This machine technology," he writes, "will end with the Faustian human being, and will some fine day be destroyed and forgotten; railroads and ships — like the Roman roads and the Chinese wall; our giant cities and their skyscrapers—like old Memphis and Babylon."

Such funereal reactionary tunes have become the ideological fashion. The great optimism that was formerly felt concerning technological progress has undoubtedly disappeared. "Faith" in it has been undermined by the whole trend of the general crisis of capitalism.

2. *The crisis in the orientation towards further industrialization* is very closely connected with the above. If technological progress is stopped, the productive forces will inevitably decline or come to a stand-still. This is assisted by the search for guarantees of safety against the "plague of the proletariat," the "back to the land" propaganda, the doctrine of the patriarchal bond with "mother-earth," and the return to the land. Whence —"re-agrarianization!"

Hitler's slogan is: "The land above all; it gives stability; it is the source of conservatism." The experiences of the fascist movement in Italy, in Germany, and in Austria (the rich peasants of the Tyrol, the Italian agrarian bourgeoisie, the Catholic Church—especially in the agrarian districts, etc.), oblige the fascists to turn decisively towards "the land"—which, of course, is far from hindering the rule of finance capital. The problem of "internal colonization," of moving the population from the cities to the countryside in the struggle against unemployment (the *Siedlungsproblem*), is one of the essential questions of the German internal policy.

T. Hielscher has expressed the coming ideological superstructure with classic clarity in his book, *The Empire*:[2] "Becoming more rural will mean becoming poorer and more primitive, and perhaps wilder and more barbarous; but, on the other hand, it will mean becoming more *Germanic*. Barbarism carries its own justification." *Sapienti sat.* Comment would surely be superfluous.

3. *The crisis in the orientation towards the world market.* The tendency which had previously flourished in this field with the old optimistic laissez-faire theory is being replaced by the doctrine of a decided *autarchy—i.e.,* a confined, "self-sufficient" economy, almost independent of world economy. Certain governments which are becoming fascist, or are already fascist—especially Germany—show this process very clearly.

It is not difficult to see the basic *economic roots* of this tendency and this policy. I am referring to the militant economic and military preparations, to "independence" from imports which are not guaranteed during war, and the consequent corresponding decline in the proportion of exports.

The obliging economists have already deduced a whole "law of decreasing world connections." The Japanese social-fascists justify *annexation* by the necessity of having "enough of everything" for the building of socialism (!!) under the rule of the Mikado. The German fascists formulate the problem as the problem of "the greatest possible economic independence."

Ferdinand Fried puts this question very clearly indeed in his book, *Autarchy,*[3] in which he gives the "lofty ideology" of this autarchy: the *"Autarchy"* of self-sufficiency and the *"Autarchy"* of self-government—*i.e.,* political independence.

"The nation," he declares, "which is now being born in the *German revolution"* (this refers to the fascist "revolution,"—N.B.) "has gone through an *intensive internal* survey, and wants to be self-sufficient and rule itself through itself. . . . The French Revolution will produce *social nationalism.* . . . The field of social nationalism is not the world, but the nation, the people, the human being."

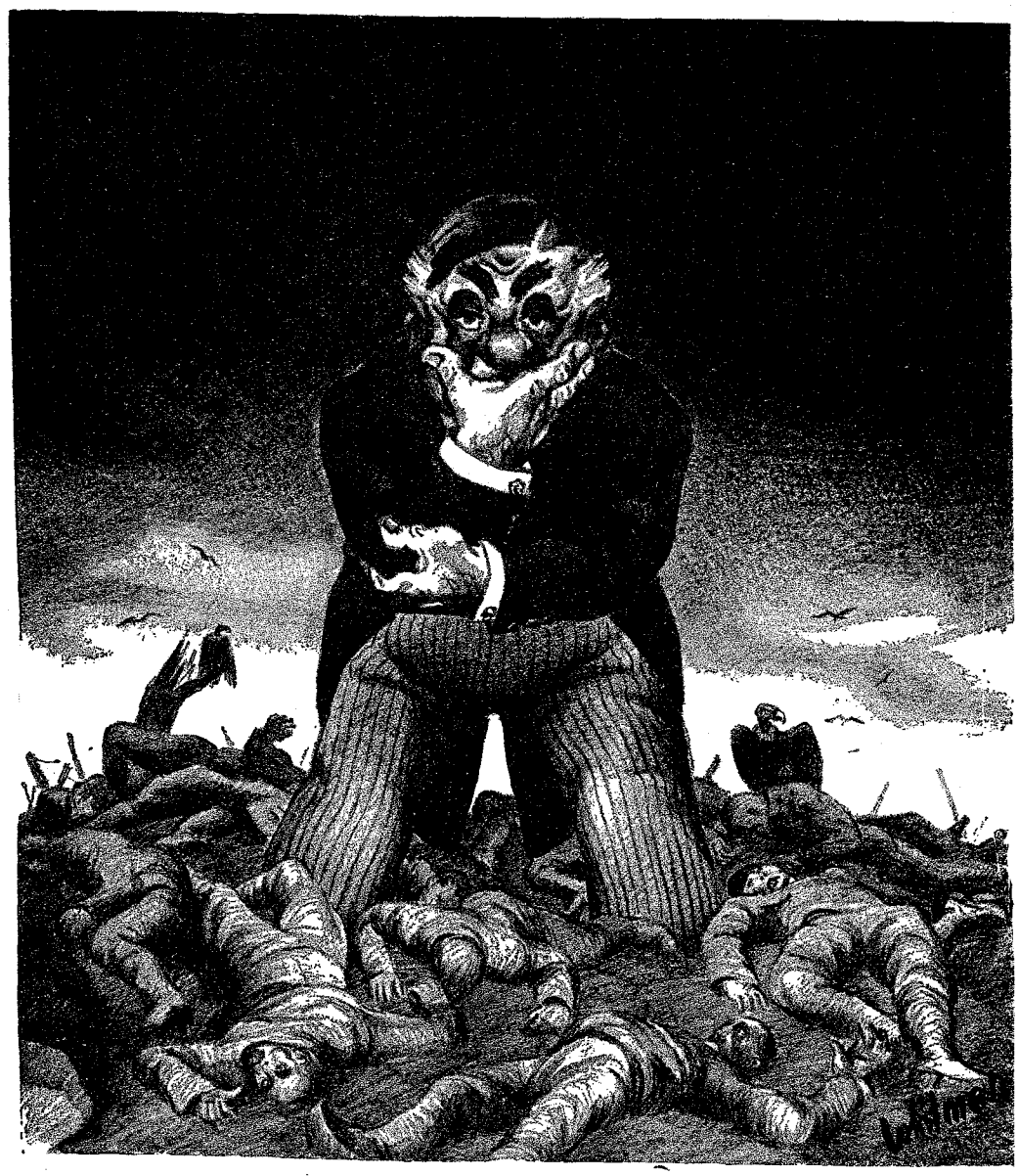
This, of course, is utter nonsense, as far as the "field" is concerned. There is no talk of the fascist states refusing to go out into the *world* "field." The race for armaments and the foreign policies of these states do not permit us to accuse them of provincialism. But it is precisely for the purpose of struggle on the *world* field that they are breaking down the ideology of a *world of free-trading connections.* The continuous growth of *nationalism* and the *military* character of its entire ideology form the appropriate superstructure for the imperialist-fascist autarchy.

4. *The crisis of the liberal bourgeois-parliamentary state* is one of the outstanding manifestations of the military and political preparation of the bourgeoisie. So is its transition to dictatorship through the destruction

[1] Oswald Spengler, *Man and Technics.* Alfred A. Knopf, 1932.

[2] T. Hielscher, *Das Reich.*

[3] Ferdinand Fried, *Autarkie.*



"How can I use these by-products?" *Whitman*

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of bourgeois democracy and the organization of an open dictatorship, with *one* party and a complete terrorist government apparatus, from the armed forces down to the university chairs and the art academies.

Here we must point out that the so-called "corporate state" is trying to draw the basic links of economy into its own hands on the basis of state capitalism, and is speeding up the process of the centralization of capital in every possible way. It is obvious that the building of "planned capitalism," which they preach under the name of "national-socialism" is a fascist Utopia. But there is no doubt whatsoever of the fact that in leaning for support mainly on heavy industry the fascists are tightening and militarizing certain important links in their economy, thus greatly increasing the pressure of state power.

One of the leading Italian fascists, M. Benni formulates the matter thus: "The rule of economic nationalism emphasizes this necessity, for all nationalism undertakes a political function first and foremost and adapts or subordinates to it all other social functions."[4]

The representation of "corporations" (Italy) and of "estates" (Germany) is fictitious; for the "lower classes" are "represented" by members of the fascist staff—by "state imposed chiefs," so to speak, of one or another "front." *The essence of it lies in the direct rule of capital itself,* of the Thyssens, the Krupps, the trusts, the banks, etc., on the basis of a centralized and operative "complete" power.

According to Mussolini, this system overcomes both capitalism and socialism.[5] According to Fried, it is the embodiment of "the Prussian idea of order" and of Prussian "socialism."[6]

Higher ideological structures develop on this basis into a whole philosophy of the "totalitarian" state, of the cooperation of all, of the leadership of the elect, in whom lies the spirit of god, of the realization of metaphysical values, etc.

In any case, the old liberal orientation has been broken completely; we have at present a transition to the operative, "complete" dictatorship of finance capital—a terrorist dictatorship, which has absorbed a number of mass fascist organizations.

III: The Crisis in Bourgeois Ideas

THIS sharp turn in the sphere of material culture and the ideological spheres closest to it finds its appropriate expression and reflection on the higher rungs of the ideological ladder. Here also a swift reorientation is taking place, and the customary categories are turning out to be unsuitable for the new period. We have *a profound crisis in all* bourgeois *"spiritual"* culture, which says a great deal. We shall dwell here on certain especially clear manifestations of this crisis.

1. *The crisis in ideas of evolution* has developed on the basis of disillusionment about the progressive movement of capitalism. This disillusionment is growing and taking logical shape on a universal scale. The *first* stage is summed up very well by Walter Eucken:[7]

"Marx thought," he tells us, "that the vital law of capitalism lies in ever-developing dynamics, and that the end of capitalist development would mean the end of capitalism itself.. . . . Modern political economy has shown that Marx's theoretical arguments on the necessity of these dynamics are false."

The second stage, the universal spread of the negative attitude towards the idea of development, is found in the "universalist," Othmar Spann. In his *Science of Categories,*[8] this professor proclaims certain remarkable truths: "Darwin and Marx," he writes, "did a terrible injury to our culture by their mechanical (!) *understanding of evolution.* For their *understanding of evolution* robs all activity of its value, as each day is conquered by the next day. And this gave rise to the utilitarianism, materialism, and nihilism which characterize our times."

In other words: Only the conventional "dynamics" of simply grinding water in a mortar is of any value. As to real, successful struggle, and actually changing the world—that arouses human pride and turns men away from God, and is therefore criminal. What formerly made up the fervor of the progressive bourgeoisie — what Bacon formulated, with restrained passion, as the flowering of mankind—is now crushed under the fascist heel of the gloomy servants of God. The bourgeoisie whose path to further development has been blocked, cries: "Down with development! Down with the very *idea* of development!"

2. *The crisis in the ideology of Christian and liberal "humanism."* The period of liberalism corresponded to the rosy dream of "normal human relationships" raised to the ethical standard of Kant's categorical imperative. This ideology, generally speaking, was very suitable for "fairer competition" both in the field of internal relationships and in the field of international trade. "Honesty," "equality," "respect," etc., with their wordy halo of hypocritical "humaneness," were the official ethical doctrines connected with the real conduct of the people: and the word "people" formally included the lower classes.

The semi-feudal romanticists and philosophers of reaction — in speaking of modern times, we must mention Nietzsche, first of all —began to undermine this ideology. "Whom do I detest most, among the modern scoundrels? The socialist scoundrels—the apostles of the mob, who intrigue against the workers' instinct, contentment, and feeling of satisfaction with their modest life—who make the workers envious, and teach them revenge."[9]

Socialism "is for the most part a symptom of the fact that we are treating the lower classes *too humanely,* so that they get a taste of the happiness forbidden to them. . . . It is not hunger that causes revolution; it is the fact that when the people begin to eat they acquire larger appetites."[10]

The modern bourgeois ideologists, who on the wings of their thoughts are flying straight back to the Middle Ages are raising aloft all their animal hatred for other nations, in essence, for the lower classes. The actual facts of this are universally known.

Mme. Omer de Guelle, the queen of adventuresses, whose memoirs came out recently, might well envy the pathological sadistic passions of the fascists.

But the interesting thing is that all this finds open, acknowledged, valued, almost "philosophical" expression. Spengler's analogy of the *beast of prey* is well known. It is worth our while to cite once more the tirade, expressive of his "cultural perception," in which this philosopher praises the gorilla-like "primitive man." Herr Spengler is touched: "The soul of this strong Solitary [!] is thoroughly militant, mistrustful, and jealous of his own power and gains. He throbs with emotion when his knife cuts into the flesh of an enemy—groans and the odor of blood raise his feeling of triumph. *Every real man,* even in modern cultural cities, sometimes feels within him the smouldering fire of this primitive soul."

The fascist dramatist, Herr Jost, calls for priests "who will spill blood, more blood, and still more blood," and declares: "When I hear of culture, I get my Browning ready."

Herr Herbert Blank[11] believes that in Bismarck's *Thoughts and Reminiscences* there is more philosophy than in hundreds of works of university faculties, and that the development of character should be completed in the barracks. Frederick the Great, the officers' corps, and the barracks form the ideal trinity of his "philosophy."

A nationalist fury is raging: "humane" passages are crossed out even in the "New Testament," as "Eastern influences." The Christian names are crossed out of the calendar and replaced by Teutonic ones ("Back to Wotan!" is the pass-word). The "race theory," with its analysis of "blood and sperm," is being elevated to the level of a "scientific" doctrine, and is the basis of all policies. Alfred Rosenberg even explains the entire October Revolution by saying that "Mongolian forces" got the upper hand of the "tall, shapely" light-haired people of German origin.[12] The liberal Christian orientation has been replaced by frantic anti-semitism and incredible contempt for the colonial peoples (see Hitler's *Mein Kampf*). This, however, while it causes the

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[4] Ignazio Silone: *Der Faschismus,* p. 224.
[5] *Ibid,* p. 226.
[6] Fried, *op. cit.,* p. 45. Spengler says the same.
[7] Walter Eucken: *Staatliche Strukturwandlungen und die Krise des Kapitalismus.*
[8] Spann: *Kategorienlehre.*
[9] F. Nietzsche: *The Will to Power.*
[10] *Ibid.*
[11] See *Wir Suchen Deutschland.*
[12] A. Rosenberg: *The Future of German Foreign Policy.*

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priests to revolt, does not prevent the Vatican from blessing the above-mentioned "things and processes."

3. *The crisis in the idea of formal equality.* From the very backwaters of reaction—from Joseph de Maistre and Co.—they have fished out the idea of hierarchy—eternal hierarchy—not as a temporary historical phenomenon, but as a *general and universal law of nature.* (See M. Berdyayev's book, *The Philosophy of Inequality,* written quite a long time ago.) Hitler speaks openly and plainly of the rule of the *aristocratic idea* in nature and in society. M. Araki, in his famous speech, "The Tasks of Japan in the Siowa Period," brings forward amusing "philosophical" arguments which are supposed to prove the age-old superiority of the Japanese race. (He compares human beings with various breeds of dogs, destined for different purposes.)

Herr Spann, the philosopher of Austro-German Fascism (he is also their sociologist, their economist, etc.), builds up a whole theory of society and government on the basis of a hierarchical demarcation between "well-born" and "low-born" members of society, returning to and theologizing old biological theories.

The idea of hierarchy *(gerarchia)* is given exactly the same determining role by the Italian fascists (see Gentile). Rocco, one of the leading ideologists of Italian fascism, has created a whole theory of government and rights ("reflected rights"). It is a well-knit theory of the serfdom of the low-born *castes,* who are in bondage to a corporate state, headed by the "élite"—the "select"—the "illustrious": the trust-owners, the bankers, the "excellencies," and their spiritual and worldly servants.

The idea of formal equality has broken down all along the line. The banners of the bourgeoisie now bear the legend: *Hierarchy* (Read: the rule of capital).

4. *The crisis in rational thinking.* Disillusionment in the expediency of technical progress inevitably brought about disillusionment concerning the power of rational thinking. This is a subject worthy of detailed treatment.

In order that the reader may immediately feel the "aroma" of the new positions on this question, we shall quote here the above-mentioned Herbert Blank. In his controversial work he asks directly: Of what use "to the German people is the science of Darwin, Virchow, Dubois-Raymond, Häckel, Planck, and Einstein, which has broken the tie between the soul and God. . . . " And he answers: "We are more for the creed which is reviled as barbarism; for, I must remark, we consider the slogan 'Back to barbarism!' which has come up during the last few years, as one of the best of battle-cries."

Science and rational thinking are replaced by theological and teleological metaphysics, mystical ravings, wild "intuitions," occultism, telepathy, astrology, etc. The content of the new literature is simply incredible: Vitalism and Jeans' "mathematical god" are harmless toys when compared with the scholastic and mystical nonsense that is printed in the capitalist countries nowadays. Truly, it seems as though heavy giant lizards, dinosaurs and iguanadons had again begun to crawl along the surface of the primitive earth.

Such is, in rough outline, the picture of the cultural crisis in capitalist countries. This picture is far from complete; it is very "poor" compared with reality. But its basis is clear. It has been very well expressed by Spengler.

> It is our duty to hold on to the end to a lost position, without hope, without salvation. To hold on to the end, like the Roman soldier whose bones were discovered before the gates of Pompei, who perished because during the eruption of the Vesuvius he was not relieved from his watch. That is glory, that is the valor of a race. That honorable end is the only thing a man cannot be deprived of.

Such is the intimate side of fascist ideology in all its glory. Moreover, the "knight" in a wild beast's skin is doing anything but "standing watch." He is making considerable use of his club. But he will not prove the victor; as is proved, among other things, by our growing socialist culture.

Correspondence

Marine Workers' Morale

To The New Masses:

The Marine Workers of New York, who are steadily carrying on their struggle despite the most disheartening obstacles of living on wretched relief doles, continued unemployment, and the continual fight against the Arbitration Board which fails to enforce its agreements, are in urgent need of entertainment at their headquarters, 140 Broad Street.

Occasionally the Workers Laboratory Theatre sends down a troupe to sing or to put on some of their skits. But much more is urgently needed. Actors or actresses, chalk board artists, singers, could do no better than offer their services, especially as an attraction for the nights of the regular meetings, on Wednesdays. Arranging a "booking" is simple. Call Bowling Green 0-9480 and the thing can be done. Or get in touch with the undersigned.

Martha Dreiblatt,
for Entertainment Committee.
510 Hudston Street.
New York.

Writers Under the Nazis

To The New Masses:

The burning of the Reichstag was the signal for letting loose a bloody orgy. Thousands of revolutionary proletarians were arrested and tortured. A hunt after anti-fascist writers was begun.

There were arrested the writers Kurt Kleber, Egon Erwin Kisch, Steinbock-Fermor, Bertha Lask, Axel Eggebrecht, Erich Museahm, Willi Bredel, Tchupick, Leo Krell, the journalists Karl von Ossietzky, Erich Baron, Frantz Braun, Fritz Sollmitz and others. Many of them were brutally murdered, many still suffer behind the walls of concentration camps.

Erich Baron was the head of The Friends of New Russia and publisher of the widely distributed magazine New Russia. Baron popularized the achievements of Socialist construction in the Soviet Union and tirelessly recruited friends of the land of proletarian dictatorship. The German fascists hated him. When he fell into their hands, they tortured him to death. A sincere and devoted friend of the Soviet Union perished at the hands of the Nazis.

Erich Museahm was not a Communist but a courageous anti-fascist and revolutionary who valued proletarian unity above all. He worked for many years with MOPR (Workers' International Relief). He was subjected to systematic torture by the Nazis. In the concentration camp where he was imprisoned he was made to clean the toilets, his hair was pulled out and he was mercilessly beaten. He was told to sing Nazi songs, and when he sang the *Internationale* instead, he would be beaten into unconsciousness. They wanted to force him to commit suicide. But Erich Museahm refused to succumb to his sufferings. After many months of fearful torture, the Nazi executioners hanged him.

Hans Otto, a young and gifted painter and artist, was for years on the stage, in Hamburg and Berlin. He played together with Elizabeth Bergner. In March, 1933, he was arrested for his active participation in workers' groups. He was brutally tortured during the examination, but not a name could the Nazis get out of him. The infuriated torturers threw him out of a window from the room where he was questioned. Fearfully wounded Otto was taken to a hospital, where he died a few days later in terrible pain.

Klaus Neukrantz, author of the novel *Barricades in Wedding,* which pictures the crime of the Social-Democratic Police President Zoergiebel who shot down a workers' demonstration on May 1, 1929, has been in a concentration camp these many months. He was so frightfully beaten that his life is in danger. For weeks at a time he lies unconscious, his extremities beaten to a pulp.

Frantz Braun edited a Communist paper in Konigsberg. He was arrested; soon after his relatives were informed that he died. From comrades who were arrested with him we learned that Braun was fearfully beaten and finally stabbed to death by a storm trooper.

Fritz Sollmitz, editor of the Social-Democratic Volksbote, was arrested in Lubeck and brought to the concentration camp Fullsbuttel near Hamburg. He was betrayed by his own party members: the majority on the staff of Volksbote permitted themselves to be "coordinated." The Social-Democratic secretary of the paper went over to the Nazis, taking with him 40,000 marks which belonged to the publication. The Social Democratic paper turned into a fascist organ, with the personnel remaining unchanged; a swastika adorns its front page. But the true anti-fascist Sollmitz would not surrender. His keepers and storm troopers would break into his cell at night and beat him unmercifully. Sollmitz went on hunger strikes a number of times; in the end, not being able to stand the torture, he hanged himself.

I, too, spent 13 months in the Fullsbuttel concentration camp. The first months were comparatively bearable. The old keepers permitted us to write, we had a half-hour's walk daily in the prison yard. But all this was radically changed in August, 1933, when Fullsbuttel was turned over to a Nazi guard, who transformed the camp into a place of torture. Beatings and torture became the daily routine. Many anti-fascists were driven to suicide.

I was then in solitary confinement and was one of the first to be beaten with a lash in punishment

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for my writing a revolutionary drama and stories from prison life.

Ludwig Renn is confined not in a concentration camp, but in a criminal prison. He was a nationalist, but found his way to Communism. Ludwig Renn became internationally famous through his book *War*. He was thrown into jail by the bourgeois government even before the Nazis came to power. He was tried late last summer in Leipzig. The news of the courageous stand of Renn before his Nazi judges percolated to us through the stone walls of our prison and gave us new strength; the Nazis were forced to listen to Renn's proud words: "I am a Communist and shall remain a Communist." He is now doomed to many years in prison.

Karl von Ossietzky remains in mortal danger. For 18 months he has been in a concentration camp; with superhuman fortitude he is bearing torture and humiliation. The Nazis will not let him escape alive from their grip. They often say they will force him to "put an end to himself." Karl von Ossietzky can be saved only by a mass protest of workers and intellectuals of the world.

WILLI BREDEL.

Letters in Brief

Taking issue with Robert Forsythe's selection of President Frederick B. Robinson for All-American Ass, Tony McCarthy characterizes the choice as sectionalism and calls attention to the "fine performances of Huey Long, the Louisiana Triple Threat, John Nance Garner, the Texas Sphinx, General Hugh Johnson as well as President Moore of the University of California, according to whom, 'Reds have been plotting for ten years to destroy our university.'"

J. C. Seidel hailed Forsythe's movie reviews as the advent of a "new and serious revolutionary critic appearing on the American scene" but now he feels that "Forsythe took advantage of our liking h' stuff by going personal" and writing about foot ball, etc.

William Forshaw has "the impression that Peter Ellis liked *Three Songs About Lenin* because he felt it was his duty to do so." He points to the picture's "definite appeal for workers" and "its stirring musical accompaniment."

The Film and Photo League condemns *Call to Arms,* a fascist film in production at Columbia Studios. In response to Columbia's request to point out "precisely what portions of the film are susceptible to criticism" they quote from the Columbia's studiogram dated Oct. 4: "Story most timely telling as it does of a civil war veteran whose two sons become involved in communistic activities stop Willard Mack in part of old soldier recruits services of veterans at Sawtelle Soldiers Home and succeeds in quelling red uprising and strike stop different and chuck full of pathos thrills romance stop."

Mary Ford, organizer of the Union of Domestic Workers, appeals "to all readers of THE NEW MASSES who hire cooks or houseworkers to get in touch with the Union and engage girls at union wages—not under 40 or 50 cents an hour or $40 or $50 a month. This will help to raise the wages in the industry as well as teach the domestic workers the value of organization. Our address is 415 Lenox Ave. New York."

In answer to the ad of Betty Wallace in the New York American, the Bond Employment Service of Baltimore said they would be willing to supply "a Southern girl, in her twenties, neat appearing, an experienced houseworker, knowledge of plain cooking, fond of children and experienced in their care, obedient, tolerant, a likeable person to have in your home, and since she is a stranger in your city, you will not be bothered by phone calls or visitors for her. You will have her services 24 hours a day, 7 days a week." Betty Wallace wrote back that she was "not interested in having anyone's services 24 hours a day and 7 days in the week" and that she was sorry "that such an establishment was allowed to operate."

From Chicago I. F. Friedman explains the demotions at the Central Y.M.C.A. College on the ground "that Central was the only school in the United States teaching the relationships of the sexes, i.e., hygiene, effective methods of contraception, and the social and economic aspects of marriage; that Central taught a course in Socialism in which the Communist Manifesto was discussed; that it sanctioned a student Anti-War Congress and was represented at the Second Congress Against War and Fascism . . . It is interesting to note that the Board of Directors has on its list members of the Standard Oil Co., National Builders Bank, Marshall Field and Co., Franklin County Coal Co., and the Harris Trust and Savings Bank."

The Prospect Workers' Center writes that they "have started a NEW MASSES subscription drive for 100 new subs and have in a short time succeeded in securing 30. We challenge all working and middle class organization to launch similar drives."

Deape Sickes from the U. S. Marine Hospital in New Orleans protests that "Negro patients are restricted to one section of the building, are fed in a separate mess, and are only permitted to stroll on the lawn by themselves. This, mind you, in an institution where every single bit of grub is prepared by Negro working people, where all the orderlies are Negro. The jim-crow taboo is invoked only to prevent social mingling or equality among the patients, in deference to Southern 'culture' and 'nordic superiority.'"

The Children's Division of the Workers' Music League is planning a *New Pioneer Song Book.* They call for texts which will be submitted to various composers. They suggest that these texts "center around the everyday life of workers' children, that they might be used effectively for the purpose of drawing into the movement children who are not class-conscious, that some of them be humorous, that they be simple, direct and militant."

L.A. of Hayward, Calif.. thinks that Harry A. Jung's recent letter was "funnier than a year's files of National Republic and Ballyhoo combined."

According to Elizabeth Blake, "Granville Hicks in his discussion of Proust underestimates the importance to us of one quality in his technique, his ability to make us completely intimate with the feelings and motivations of his characters. It is true that he is frequently redundant, that much of his analysis is too abstruse and long-winded for practical application in the literature which revolutionary writers must work on now. But in the splendid advances our novelists have been making I think this particular quality has been missing."

D. Pierce lifts a quotation of cliches from International Literature and comments, "If only writers and speakers would learn that phrases, like eggs, do not improve with age. When Marx first used and even when Lenin continued to make sparing use of 'and Co.' the effect was there, but now these endless repetitions of Green and Co., Thomas and Co. are enough to make one ask—if they can't even create new phrases, how the hell can they create a new society?"

T. E. Brooks, State Commander of the American Fascisti Order of Black Shirts, begs to inform the readers of THE NEW MASSES that "The first issue of the Alabama Black Shirt is going to press with a guaranteed circulation in excess of 100,000 copies to a select list of white male citizens above 21 years of age. . . . The advertising rate is $750 per page for one insertion, or $600 per page per insertion for four consecutive insertions. These rates are net, cash with order. As you probably know, our organization is a leader in the nation-wide fight against communism and atheism, and bands together the highest type men in all walks of life."

A group of employes of the great 42nd St. Public Library in New York want to "express appreciation of Granville Hicks' penetrating exposure of the New York Times Book Review Section. It was of particular interest to us inasmuch as Mr. Nikolaieff, who contributes vicious reviews of Soviet books to the Times, is also an employe here. Mr. Nikolaieff's white guardist venom is consistent with the Library's policy of dignified exploitation. Workers are being hired for as low as $40 a month and some, after 7 and 8 years' service, receive $80 to $90 a month. Raises have not been given in the last four years."

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

In Search of the Image

VARIOUS criticisms of the imagery and stylistic habits in Edward Dahlberg's recent *Those Who Perish,* call to mind certain remarks which should be, at least, of technical interest to writers and critics.

The study of an author's style, his selection of imagery, and the symbols he uses in order to establish his atmospheres and enrich his meanings is one which, to my knowledge, has received little attention from investigators. A Marxian, with sufficient time and resources, could bring forth considerable data of value and illumination from such an investigation. In style and the use of imagery, there are a succession of traditions and conventions, following each other like waves, and these traditions and conventions follow the same course as do most methodologies. They have a beginning when they are a novelty, and find extensive application often for their own sake and out of a sense of novelty. There follows a long or short period of crystallization, when they have their full efflorescence, and their potentialities are developed to the fullest possibility of realization. Following this, there is an approach to a point of diminishing returns. Then, the values and uses that permitted the extraction of values in the period of efflorescence become matters of mere usage and habits. Conventionalization has reached a period of mechanical habit. Soon, the use of this convention is like trying to suck juice from a totally dry lemon. In addition, by indirection and refraction, conventions and traditions in style and imagery, are tied up with the period out of which they develop and reach their efflorescence. Implicitly, the use of imagery reflects aesthetic evaluations of a period, attitudes, and, to a considerable extent, an ideology. Marx suggested this fact in a note at the end of *A Critique of Political Economy*. Speaking of Greek art, he asked the question, does not it (Greek art) exert an eternal charm? Readily granting this eternal charm of Greek art, he added that it drew upon the ideology of a period that was forever past, and that with an industrialized power age, constructed through the application of scientific method, there could be no symbolism based upon a mythology which conceived natural forces as the influence of extramundane gods living beyond the world of nature.

This type of approach, I repeat, applied to the imagery and symbolism of contemporary writing could, I believe, bring forth considerable illumination. It is to be noted that even today, the symbolism and imagery in much contemporary writing finds its source in nineteenth century romanticism. Implicit in the use of romantic imagery and symbolism, there is lodged the assumption of dualism (which means Idealism in philosophical terminology). Dualism assumes the bifurcation of the world into spirit and matter, and often runs into extremes of mysticism. A device developed to a high stage of perfection in romantic writing, and implicitly assuming a dualistic outlook, is that of anthropomorphism. Anthropomorphism endows the external worlds with human powers, feelings, and emotions. An implicit dualism is likewise to be found lodged behind a great portion of romantic love poetry, wherein love is conceived in terms of spiritual and soul unions and the like. One of the revelations of romantic poetry was that of the wild charm and attraction of nature. The romantic movement turned men's eyes on nature and they commenced to re-see it and to extract from it, new emotional and aesthetic values. Nature quickly, tied up with anthropomorphism, became an abundant source of imagery. One persistence of the romantic strain in contemporary writing is that dependence on nature as a source of imagery, and the use of romantic labels for symbolism. Today, this usage of romantic convention has reached, for a number of us, a period of diminishing returns. To repent is like sucking on a dry lemon.

At random, I have selected illustrations of the persistence of the romantic literary conventions in contemporary writing. A prominent editor, reviewing a novel several months back in *Books,* described it as moving like the rhythm of the wind in the wheat fields. A few years ago the poet McKnight Black, attempted, in his poetry, to give expression to the emotions he felt when perceiving machinery. Reading his poems it was quite apparent that one could have substituted, for railroad trains and machinery, the girl, the tree, the wind, and the moonlight at night, and the poems would have gained in efficacy. Very recently, Ilya Ehrenbourg offered the same criticism of many Soviet poets, complaining that in much of their poetry, a knight at arms could be substituted for the Five Year Plan without any loss of efficacy. Thomas Wolfe opens one of his stories with the phrase, "In the green heart of June," and for thousands of words, he persists in sucking this kind of a dry lemon. In his "Look Homeward Angel," he revealed the same rather stale dependence on romantic labels, striving to secure emotional overtones with the repetition of such phrases as "the wind-grieved ghost." In another recent poem, a contemporary poet used the figure of the eyelids of a suffering cave. In Hervey Allen's miserable and disgracefully overrated "Anthony Adverse" every romantic label, mannerism, and trick is used beyond the point of utter boredom. He reaches a point of total bathos and inaninity when one of his characters looks piously at nature in the mood of "O." Examples of this type could be cited endlessly. These are, I feel, sufficient to suggest my point.

In dealing with style in this manner, it is necessary to add the caution that this analysis can be over-rationalized, and that one must not overlook the fact that there are necessary limitations of language, some necessary usages of anthropomorphism, and that language is used for evocative as well as for intellectual reasons. And also that an author does not pick his images out of a grab bag, but rather than they grow out of his own background and changing experiences. Even with these cautions, it is apparent that romantic literary conventions have already passed their efflorescence, and that they reflect an ideology of dualism which is completely dead and antiquated to many of us.

Contemporary American writers have, in many cases I believe, either wittingly or unwittingly perceived this fact about the use of romantic symbolisms. Many of them are the products of urban life. In their immediate sensory experience, they have been most affected by the sights, sounds, and odors, and objects of an industrial city. Particularly, in their first stages of reading, they have absorbed much of the romantic poets, and there has been some imitation, perhaps, of the romantics in their first writings. Generally speaking, the charms and attractions of nature have been peripheral if not non-existent in their lives. Often, hence they have sensed a dichtomy between the objects and sensations they have sought to describe, and the language and symbolism they have inherited as that of literary tradition.

In Dahlberg's instance, I believe that he has either consciously or unconsciously perceived this dichotomy, and that he has attempted to heal it with an original use of imagery. This imagery in many cases is derived from words and associations taken from urban sights and sounds, and from comparisons between objects that are regularly seen by those whose experience is also urban. Thus, his regular use of phrases like "nedick orange," his description of a hotel awning as being "pseudo beachish." The attempt here is that of relying on a new set-up of associations, and on the fashioning of a language and an imagery that is more closely connected with his subject matter. Criticism of his imagery hence is meaningless if made ex-cathedra, and without reference to his intentions. To my knowledge, the only critic

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or reviewer who has clearly perceived this intention behind his imagery has been Robert Cantwell.

Various reviewers have commented upon the influence of Proust in Dahlberg's writing, and this opens up a second question of associated interest here. Proust always struggled to achieve precise effects. If he sought to describe a railroad journey he had taken, he did not seek to describe any railroad journey, and the obvious sights and sounds that he had experienced, or might have experienced on any railroad journey. Rather, he sought to give his readers a sense of the specific and particular railroad journey, and none other. With him, the meaning of recapturing a sense of things past, was not that of evoking generalized memories of obvious categories, but rather of bringing onto the printed page a sense of the specific objects, of specific associations, sensations and feelings that were evoked in definite atmospheres, and not in other atmospheres that were similar but not precisely the same. Dahlberg seeks to achieve the same type of effect. Critics have commented upon a sense of strain in his writing. This sense of strain is the concomitant of his type of sensibility. He strains and struggles to achieve precise and specific effects. When he sets a character walking down a street, he does not try to evoke the familiar sights and sounds of any streets, and the generalized sort of responses which these would evoke in any character of a certain background, and a certain grouping or class.

Rather, he tries to give his readers a sense of that specific street, and a specific character whose reactions are not totally similar to those of any other characters. These kinds of effects are achieved by the selection of unique and highly distinguishable details. And his use of imagery is also put into the service of this intention. The major effect of Proust on his work is that of stimulating this type of a literary intention, and it is a wholly legitimate and non-imitative one.

There is a third question of literary technique of equal relevance here. A number of contemporary or near-contemporary writers, who have had a widespread technical influence, have attempted to perfect a literary device describable as telescoping. They have, in other words, attempted to compress into their writings, description of objects, the sensations called forth by these objects in their characters, and the selection of these objects in the manner in which the eye sees them, jumping from one to another. Amongst such writers are Joyce and Eliot. Their perfection of this device is best illustrated by a comparison of their descriptions with those of, say, a writer like Dickens who ordered his description in a more formal pattern, and more in consonance with the composition course dicta of unity, coherence, and emphasis. Dahlberg also puts his use of imagery into the service of telescoping objects, and sensations together.

Criticism of his imagery must then be made in terms of whether he gives one a sense of the things he sets out to establish. In his use of imagery and symbols there is revealed a brilliant originality. By them, he has been able, much more successfully than many of us who are his contemporaries, to endow his books with a sense of atmospheres and backgrounds. When he has been successful, as he is in the final chapter of *Those Who Perish,* with these devices, the writing is considerably enriched. In that volume, the criticism of his use of imagery should be made in these terms. To achieve the kinds of effects in any number that he seeks to achieve, a long book is required, so that the narrative progress is not too impeded with the building of atmospheres, and the establishment of a sense of concrete and unique details. And *Those Who Perish* was too short a book to bear this kind of a burden. Secondly, all the images and associations are not of equal relevance, and some of them, though brilliant in themselves, fail to achieve a sense of the things he seeks to describe. In other words, there is a certain amount of inequality in the relevance of all his metaphors. And those that are irrelevant are subject to criticism. This, however, is a different matter from criticizing him because he uses imagery. The intention is wholly valuable, if used with the proper sense of proportion.

To some, such a lengthy discussion of matters of technique and imagery may seem to be mere formalism. The ideal of a writer is that of presenting his fiction in such a manner so that the reader will feel that this is not merely a book he is reading, but that, to the contrary, it is an actual unfoldment of living people. Bad writing, inappropriate style, and such factors in a book tend to destroy this illusion, and if these occur too repeatedly, the reader is often inclined to put the book aside. Because of this, stylistic and technical discussion and criticism, if approached as an aspect of criticism and not as an end in itself, is not vain formalism. And it is one of the merits of Dahlberg's writing that he is conscious of matters of style and technique, and seeking to solve them.

Also, each writer must convince and educate his readers in terms of his own sensibilities and attitudes. It is characteristic of good writing that it eschews a dependence upon the literary conventions and labels and symbolisms of other writers, and to the contrary, seeks to present fresh imagery, and additional understanding of characters, and the like. If readers seek to be given what they already know, and are anxious merely to have repeated for them, symbolisms that have already been developed and conventionalized, they are reading at a low level, and they derive little new understanding from writers. In consequence, matters of style, of technique, of symbolism are constant problems facing the writer. A greater familiarity with them on the part of readers, and a more thoroughgoing interest and understanding of these problems by critics and reviewers likewise add to the total literary atmosphere, and tend to create a situation producing better writing.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

A Study in Comparative Literature

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER'S collection of poems, *Comrade-Mister* (Equinox Cooperative Press, $2), is divided into two sections, the first, I take it, containing poems that he wrote before he became a Communist, the second those written since. There are important differences between the two sections, and these differences are worth examining.

In a note on revolutionary poetry Schneider points out that the two most common themes of the poetry of the last three or four hundred years are love and nature. These are also the dominant themes of the first section of his book. His treatment of them, however, is by no means that of conventional romantic poetry. There are, for example, two parallel poems, one describing a tree on a city street, the other a well-cover in the country, and the two observations suggest "the two eternities," the power of nature and the power of man. The hanging of clothes in an orchard brings the reflection that nature "can set anything at home." An overheated room reminds the poet that city life breeds its own kind of strength. The five or six poems concerned with travel in Europe pose serious questions of the destinies of men and nations. A visit to the Louvre, for example, calls attention to the dual nature of man, his need for security and peace and his need for action and change. And a poem in praise of France ends:

> We shrank to see distend your armies,
> your ranks of beetles wasting green
> your youth. You have the maw imperial
> whereon men, steel-edged, hinge for teeth.
> It rends the strength of nations: you
> it nourishes never. Oh train out
> this canine towardness to the stools of death.

Obviously Schneider is a poet whose mind reaches out from simple experiences to far-reaching questionings and bold generalizations. The same trait appears in his poems of love. "A Night of No Love" is a rather simple and very poignant expression of longing for the beloved one, but usually he strives to transcend the immediate experience by finding in it ultimate significance. "You Are My Sun," for example, suggests the limitations of passion: after a stanza that is pure tribute, it concludes:

> When you are away
> I sit in cold silence, and my hands knot in the cold,
> and a night hollows my mind and the hollowness is sealed.
> And then, as in the absence of the sun, the stars can glitter,
> remote and struggling, tinily flare up and flicker
> the little constellations of ideas.

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It is apparent that Schneider, in his pre-revolutionary phase, belonged to the school of poets we call, rather inaccurately, metaphysical. Not only his concern with ideas and his striving to discover the far-reaching implications of simple experiences but also the originality and difficulty of his figures of speech and the hard-packed terseness of his style place him among the followers of John Donne. The resemblance is particularly striking in the poems of life. The first part of "Marriage" has the same ecstatic quality as have Donne's love poems, and the conclusion raises a question that Donne might have raised. "Harem from a Bus Top" rests on a "conceit" that would have delighted either Donne or Marvell, and line after line of the poem explodes with the startling effectiveness so characteristic of them.

But Schneider's metaphysical poetry does not escape, could not escape, from the dark shadow that has hovered over Eliot, MacLeish, Tate, Gregory, and the other poets who, despite their many differences, have alike turned to Donne and his school for inspiration. These poems have an air of perplexity that comes dangerously close to despair. It is not only that some of them, such as "Sleep" and "In the Syrup See Dead Flies," echo the concern with death that Eliot has celebrated in his "Whispers of Mortality"; they all strain, almost in agony, toward some sort of release from the meaningless of life. The attempt to twist by sheer brutality more meaning out of words than they have symbolizes the poet's effort to assault the universe and make it deliver an answer to his questionings.

Turning to the revolutionary poems, one finds, naturally, that Schneider has not wholly changed. He is still an intellectual poet. But at last his mind has found something that will nourish it. It seems to me that, in the earlier poems, he was not quite convinced himself that his themes were worth the effort he spent on them. They were the best he could find, but I feel in his treatment of them a certain self-distrust, as if one part of him knew that all his tense striving could win no fruitful victory. In the revolutionary poems there is self-confidence; the assurance of a man who has found allies and has come to terms with his world. He no longer needs to tear himself to pieces to find his theme; he has been released from sickly subjectivism and has learned to contemplate fearlessly the men and movements of his day.

One consequence of this release from self-preoccupation is the development of a notable talent for satire. The first two stanzas of "For the Tenth Anniversary of the Daily Worker" and the whole of "In a Hotel Lobby" and "Dollars" magnificently combine shrewdness and savage contempt. "Portrait of a False Revolutionist" not only defines a type; it innoculates against contamination.

Furthermore, without losing any of that extraordinary terseness that is perhaps his greatest gift, Schneider has sloughed off the kind of deliberate, literary obscurity that occasionally vitiated his earlier work and that is found in Eliot and all his followers. His poetry demands an effort of comprehension, just as it always did, but there is no willful concealment of meaning behind forced figures of speech and private references. Note, for instance, the first stanza of the eloquent and richly burdened poem, "To the Museums":

> Come to the museums, workers; and under every landscape
> paste this label: "Workers! Is the earth as beautiful where you live?
> You on the poverty farms, boarded to hogs,
> your sore fields scratched to the stone by the chickens?
> You in the slums who can span between two fingers
> all you can have of the free horizon; who must lean,
> somehow, over a tenement's shoulder to see the sun?
> This is your homestead, farmer. Worker, this is your summer place.
> It has been kept beautiful by your labor. Enjoy its grace."

The same quality is to be found in most of the poems in the second section. "Comrade-Mister" explores with soundness and ingenuity the meanings of the two barricade-separated forms of address, and "The Reichstag Trial" catches some of Dimitroff's own eloquent fire. Best of all, it seems to me, are the four revolutionary orations which appeared in THE NEW MASSES. It is a fine theme that Schneider has chosen, the theme of the great deception. In the first of the orations the priest speaks ot the people, to exploit them. In the second the king, to further his own greedy ends, allies himself to the priest. In the third the priest and king are made part of the profit-machine of the business man. And in the fourth the workers rise to overthrow this unholy trinity.

In the first three of these orations Schneider has written with insight, with sardonic wit, and with power, illuminating both the process and the psychology of exploitation. The fourth oration seems to me less successful. Written in a slangy prose, it sometimes achieves the sharp eloquence of working-class speech, and it is always vigorous and hard. But there are passages in which the language is overdone, and as a whole it seems forced.

If I am right, I think the explanation is not hard to find, and it is the explanation of other weaknesses in these revolutionary poems. Like many other revolutionary writers, Schneider knows so well what he wants to be that he is not quite content to be what he is. We are all like that; we all want to force the process of adaptation to revolutionary ways of thought and proletarian ways of feeling. But the process takes time and much experience in the radical movement, and it is always a mistake for anyone, and perhaps especially for a poet, to substitute what he thinks he ought to feel for the feelings he actually has.

In "Prophecy to Myself" Schneider writes:

> So, vain and doomed is personal love.
> If it has destiny, it is like a potted tree,
> that as it grows must break the pot,
> and if it reach not more abundant earth, must die.
> My love has cracked its pot; but has struck
> the more abundant earth, the earth of comradship;
> and I can, all my length grow out,
> in revolutionary act.

This seems to me less than completely sincere. It is a commentary, of course, on the love poems of the first section, and I suspect that the reversal of attitude it describes is scarcely an accomplished fact. I have a similar complaint against "Seed on my Desk," in which the wind-blown seed suggests to the poet the teachings of revolution. Nature still, I am sure, has meaning for Schneider other than its power to provide illustrations of revolutionary processes. If his enjoyment of nature and his eagerness for revolution are not fully integrated, that is no great matter at the moment; better frankly recognize the division than create a false integration.

I could find other examples of essentially the same weakness, but to dwell upon them would give a false impression of their importance. I do not want to obscure from the reader my conviction that Schneider is the most fully developed revolutionary poet in America. There are younger American poets who in occasional poems have given promise

STALIN

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BUILDER OF SOCIALISM IN THE U.S.S.R.

By

M. J. OLGIN

Editor of the "Freiheit," Author of "Soul of the Russian Revolution," "Why Communism?" etc. etc.

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of going beyond Schneider, but at the moment they are his inferiors. His methods are stronger than theirs, more disciplined, more appropriate. His sensitivity is surer, less erratic. His imagination has deeper roots in revolutionary thought and action. His work has much of the sturdiness and vigor of the proletarian movement of which he is an important part.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

History for the Leisure Class

AMERICA'S TRAGEDY, by James Truslow Adams. Scribners. 415 pages. $3.

DR. ADAMS long ago abandoned all pretence of being a scholar, and devoted himself to the more profitable task of vulgarizing American history to suit the ideological requirements of the American leisure class. His latest compilation is an intepretation of the Civil War. The Old South, Dr. Adams tells us, had developed a humane way of living—a fact which he attributes to the combined influences of climate, agrarianism and heredity. The slave-owners had realized that there were things in life more important than working or making money; they had acquired the public spirit, the grace and the generosity of an European aristocracy. Unfortunately, the Old South was unable to teach these virtues to the North, which was overrun with vulgarity and materialism; in fact, "largely from the accidental nature of its labor economy," it became more and more isolated, and was finally compelled to defend its humane way of living by secession. The Northerners, however, loved the Union and plunged into war in order to preserve it; and though the soldiers on both sides fought nobly, the conflict was embittered by the fanaticism of abolitionists and other unpleasant characters. The cause of this unfortunate occurrence was "Fate," whose "footfalls" can be discovered by the discerning historian. In spite, however, of the triumph of materialism, all is not lost. We may still hope that the southern way of life may be adopted in the north, though of course "social prestige and influence are not likely soon again to inhere in ownership of land." They will belong in future not to the planter, but to "the president of a great modern corporation . . . controlling the lives of a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand employees."

The rentier-class basis of this fairy tale is sufficiently obvious. The evils of American life, Dr. Adams wishes us to believe, have nothing to do with the relations of production; to concern oneself with questions of economics is vulgar and materialistic. What we have to do is to accept the enlightened leadership of people who live graceful and leisurely lives. Of course this enlightened leadership may fail, but if it does it will be because of "the footfalls of Fate" or some equally inscrutable cause. To admit that human behavior has any connection with property relationships, or that there are any ascertainable laws of historic development, would destroy the whole of this mechanism of defense; and accordingly we may search Dr. Adams's study of the Civil War in vain for any understanding either of its real causes or of its more fundamental results. That American politics before the war was a conflict between the owners of two different economic systems, each of whom needed federal protection and new territories into which to expand; that in 1861 northern capitalism acquired complete control of the federal government and used its power to raise the tariff, to subsidize the railroads, to import cheap contract-labor from Europe, and to consolidate the banking system; that the planters were concerned primarily with increasing the value of their slave-property and that they seceded because, owing to their exclusion from the western territories, they needed to seize Cuba and Central America; that northern capitalism fought secession because it needed the South as a market for its tariff-protected goods, and in order to recover the debts which the planters had repudiated, and because it was already planning to invest capital in the South; that it had the support of the class-conscious workers of Europe and America, who knew that the freeing of the slaves was a necessary preliminary to the winning of their own freedom; that the war brought enormous profits from war loans and army contracts; that emancipated Negroes were used as strike-breakers; that the motive of the reconstruction policy was, by completing the ruin of the planters, to prevent them from ever again competing with capitalism for control of the federal government: all this is either glossed over as relatively unimportant or wholly ignored. It would probably be paying too high a compliment to Dr. Adams's intelligence to suggest that his omissions are conscious and not merely instinctive, but certainly the care with which he has avoided any damaging statements is extraordinary. If he had admitted that the connection between the leisureliness of the planters and the fact that their work was done for them by slaves, was more than merely "debatable" or that the "materialism" of the northerners was a direct result of the competitiveness of early capitalism, then he might have been led on to the horrifying possibility that the modern "chaos of moral values" which he professes to deplore might be merely a symptom of the decay of an economic system. And if he had considered the notion that the Civil War might have been caused not by "Fate" or even by the devotion of the northerners to the Stars and Stripes, but by the requirements of capitalist society, then he might have been compelled to face the fact that that society is governed by certain laws of motion and that those laws of motion may conceivably be still operating. He might even have discovered that the smashing of the slave-power was an incident in the dialectic process by which the bourgeoisie fulfilled its historic function of freeing the working class from slavery and serfdom and of preparing its own expropriation.

DAVID BURROWS.

Minus the Most Important Problem

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC, 1933. Edited by Bruno Lasker and W. L. Holland. University of Chicago Press, 1934. $5.

No review can be expected to deal adequately with the vast amount of material which is crowded into the extensive reports of the biennial conferences of the Institute of Pacific Relations. The present volume, constituting the proceedings of the Banff Conference held in August, 1933, is more than usually comprehensive. It grapples with the formidable theme of "International Economic Conflict in the Pacific Area: Its Control and Adjustment," embracing such broad subjects as economic conflict and control, currency instability, and differences in labor and living standards. Chapters on these topics, summarizing round-table discussions by representative nationals of the Pacific countries, are supplemented by others dealing with the concrete problems raised by Japanese expansion, the U.S. recovery program, reconstruction in China, and the agreements reached at the Ottawa Conference.

Each of these chapters contains an astonishing amount of valuable information, much of which is not readily available from other sources. For this reason, if for no other, the time taken in reading the volume is well spent. A store of factual knowledge is disclosed, which can be usefully referred to on many subsequent occasions. Any careful attempt to follow the line of reasoning developed through a chapter, however, leaves the reader with a sense of aimlessness and futility. The reason for this is readily discernible. It is not merely the obvious fact that round-table discussions necessarily prove difficult of summary in logical form. It is rather that the participants in these discussions, which deal with subjects directly and inescapably conditioned by basic class issues, almost wholly ignore the relevance and applicability of class criteria to the phenomena under consideration.

Much the most penetrating analyses are presented in several of the documentary appendices, notably the first one on the control of industry in Japan and the second on the agrarian problem of China. The first document, prepared by the Tokyo Institute of Political and Economic Research, emphasizes the extent to which the concentration of capital and the development of trusts has proceeded in Japan. As early as 1930, however, the intense competition engendered by the depression had forced the Japanese capitalists to appeal for restraints enforced by the state apparatus. The result was the legislative enactment in March, 1931, of a Japanese N.R.A., which has since been applied to virtually all

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the principal industries in Japan. Governmental intervention, under this Act, has enormously strengthened the trend toward large-scale monopolistic enterprise in Japan. Equally significant material on China's agrarian problem is included in Document II, particularly with reference to the extreme inequality of land distribution.

Judging by this report of its proceedings, the Banff Conference omitted consideration of several factors highly germane to its theme. In a discussion of the topic of economic control, complete failure to deal with the planned economy of the Soviet Union constitutes a glaring omission. To do the Institute justice, the blame for this omission rests largely on the Canadian authorities, who blocked the admission of a Soviet delegation that had been expected to participate in the conference. A second noticeable gap exists in the case of the treatment devoted to China, which centers wholly on the Nanking government's reconstruction program, omitting all reference to the much more significant economic developments in Soviet China. It should be recognized, of course, that since the Chinese Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations functions in the area controlled by the Nanking government, the situation in this respect is a delicate one. Even the most advanced and liberal of bourgeois research organizations must be puzzled as to the best method of dealing with a country in which the revolutionary movement has solidly established itself and is competing on equal terms with the recognized government for mastery of the whole country. The easiest way out, of course, is to ignore the existence of the revolutionary movement, but such a policy hardly contributes to an adequate treatment of contemporary developments in the Far East.

DONALD HEMSLEY.

What the Author Does Not Hear

WHEN THE LOOMS ARE SILENT, by Maxence Van der Meersch, translated by A. Blossom. William Morrow and Company. 1934. $2.50.

THIS novel, by the young French writer, Maxence Van der Meersch, has been hailed by various French journals and critics as one of "poignant realism."

On reading, however, this proves to be pseudo-realism, with actuality subjected and distorted (no doubt unintentionally), by a mind not yet equal to the material which it would creatively reflect.

When the Looms Are Silent purports to be a novel depicting a textile strike in a small town of northern France. Actually, the strike merely offers a flat somber background for the pitifully circumscribed lives of the author's main characters — men and women, significantly enough, who for the most part are unwilling participants, and to whom the strike brings personal tragedy, broken friendships, and general demoralization.

Nowhere does the author give a picture of the average trade-unionist, not to mention the militant French worker, while the one "Communist" is a crude caricature. A petty-shopkeeper forever boasting of having "plenty of money" from some mysterious source, he is described on the book's jacket as "a scavenger and opportunist" who fattens on the workers' misery. In contrast with the author's sympathetic, flesh-and-blood delineations of members of the *Garde Mobile,* strikebreakers and strike victims, and of the "good employer" Denoots, we have in this one racketeer-revolutionist a lifeless puppet, who pops in and out of the scene like some unreal devil.

Truly, *When the Looms Are Silent* offers a type of "realism" which the French textile manufacturers may well relish. Bourgeois critics mention the book for the *Prix Goncourt.* But French weavers and spinners, who have lived through such struggles, will shake their heads in amazement, saying, "Why, the man gives only the back alleys, the sewers. He's left out all the main story."

In view of the great French movement of today, with its united front of Socialist and Communist workers embracing a decisive section of the French working class, such a novel as this reflects an inexcusable ignorance of the material and characters with which the author presumes to deal.

Van der Meersch has been compared by some enthusiastic critics with Zola. But he lacks what the great Zola had—a sweep of the whole canvas, with all the impact of surging forces and human classes, and a tremendous undercurrent of the dynamics of his era. While Van der Meersch depicts a number of his characters with real talent, and the setting in the impoverished homes of the textile workers with evident sympathy and care for vivid detail, this is not enough. Since he is still young, it is to be hoped that *While the Looms Are Silent* marks but a stage in his growth. Either that, or he will fall victim to that easy philosophy of Catholic Fascism, and the "career of glory" it stands ready to offer him.

Nowhere in recent fiction is there a clearer example than in *When the Looms Are Silent* of an author projecting his own Spengler feelings about the universe onto the objective scene, and calling the result "realism." Van der Meersch's evidently troubled conscience and philosophy of frustration and futility have been generalized into a world philosophy. Hence, *When the Looms Are Silent* becomes a tragedy of the futility of class conflicts and strikes. Like many other intellectuals, the author stands at the crossroads, caught in his own middle-class contradictions and paradoxes. Repelled by the barbarity of capitalism, feeling its doom, he finds himself as yet unable to understand or accept the working class and its struggle for a new world.

But until he does, both as man and artist, the great drama to him must remain senseless, and his relation to it floundering and obsessed by a feeling of futility.

MYRA PAGE.

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Redder Than the Rose

ROBERT FORSYTHE

WHEN I reached that portion of Isidor Schneider's interview with Gertrude Stein in which she referred to herself as more Communist than the Communists, I put my hand to my head and uttered a cry which bystanders have since told me sounded like "peep" and slid fainting into the waste basket. From this you might assume either that I was fatally stricken by the brilliance of Miss Stein or merely irritated by her presumption, but you would be entirely wrong. It was purely a physical matter. Twice previously on the same day I had heard the same words from other lips and I very much suspected that I was being made the object of a plot.

Mr. Edmund Wilson once indicated his desire to take Communism away from the Communists but that may have been youthful zeal and it is hardly likely that he entertains such hopes at the moment. If he feels, however, that he is more Left than the Left, he is entirely in style. Just where this new rallying cry for ex-Democrats, ex-Humanists and ex-Communists arose is not clear but it is in full swing and a revolution happening within the week would be a terrible thing with such wild people around to lead it.

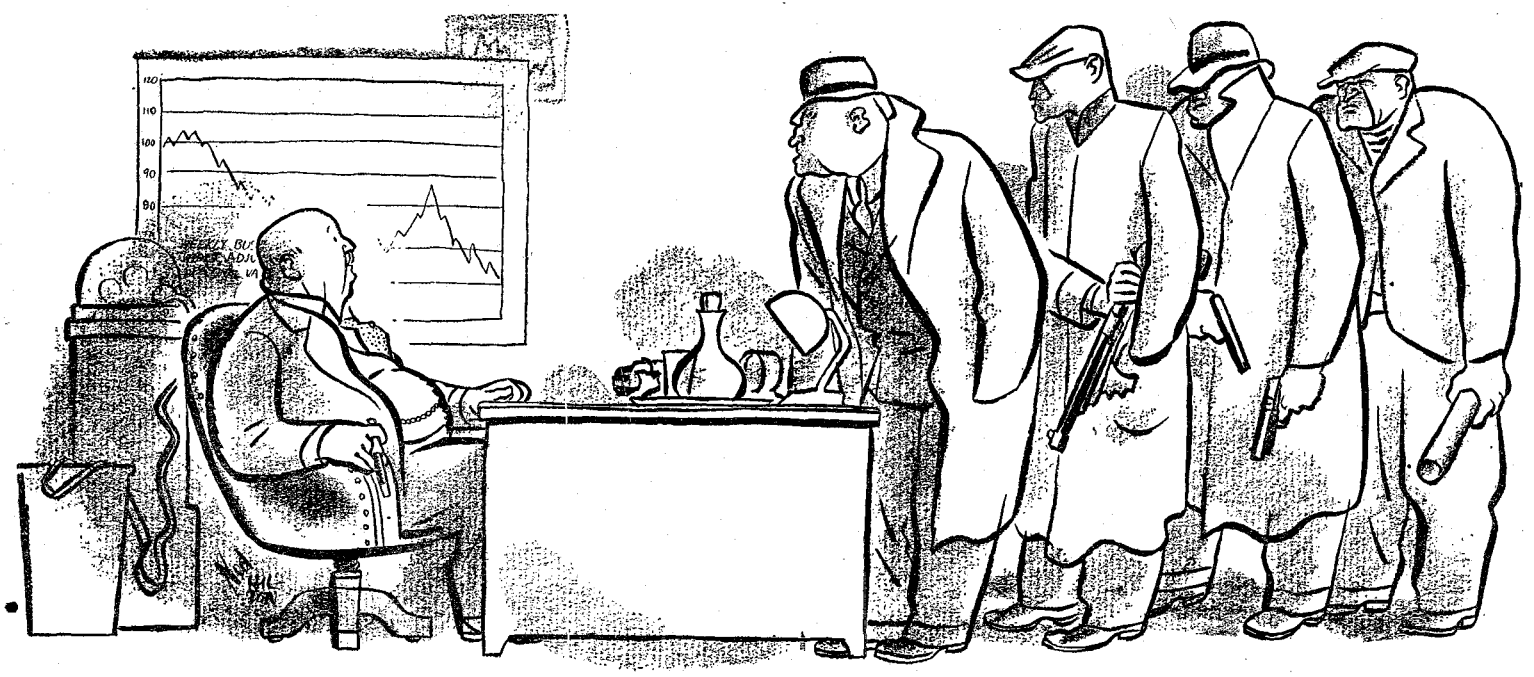
Naturally it is not merely a matter of force; it is a problem of dialectics and philosophy and the philosophy is so marvelous that the historians of the future will bow in wonder before such logic and discernment. I know an interesting fellow who is a writer, a playwright, a philosophical anarchist and a supporter of Herbert Hoover. I have never had the courage to question him about his Hoover affiliation, but he could probably sustain it on the ground that only by fostering tyranny can we have freedom. His long stay in Hollywood at a fat figure has been explained as his way of bankrupting the industry and thus bringing about its downfall. He is now said to be at work on a play which proves that Tom Mooney framed the State of California.

I have another friend who is eighteen miles east of Lenin going rapidly further left. He is a broker and a Trotskyite and I am no longer able to face his scorn. The last time I saw him he was coming out of the Waldorf-Astoria and although I tried to hurry by, he caught me and said some very harsh things about the timidity of the Communist Party in this country. He might still have had me there, backed against a window containing the treasures of the late Czar, if his chauffeur had not interrupted to say that the car was waiting. When I say that my friend is a Trotskyite, I must explain that he is also a Technocrat and in addition has been reading Malaparte. His theory is that Trotsky and four good engineers could put New York City at the mercy of the revolutionists by turning aff the lights and overpowering Fiorello while he was scurrying about in his nightshirt hunting a candle. My friend explained this to me as the theory of permanent revolution; all you do when you want a new revolution is turn off the lights.

Unless something is done I am afraid we are going to face indignation from people who are expecting a great deal from us. Intellectually it seems that we are not as daring as we had thought. I know of a lady who has been successively a Suffragette, a Catholic and a Socialist. For some time she has been requesting the services of the more agile and younger male comrades in educating her in the intricacies of Communism but they have evidently failed at the job. The last report of her was as chairman of an Utopian meeting, which I am informed is much more Communist than Communism as well as much more Rosicrucian than Rosa Bonheur.

It is, however, around the tea table that the true essence of radicalism is attained. I must report a wave of indignation in such circles at the delay in the revolution. One lady only recently was remarking that her brother, a major in the army, is an excellent man to approach on the matter of revolt. She indicates that she would speak to him. But beyond that she was not pleased with the conduct of the Party. She said that although she had just been won over to Communism, she felt that she was far more advanced than many of the party members and she was at a loss to account for the lag. She said she had been speaking to the servants on her estate and whereas they had all been ardent Republicans when she spoke to them in the past, they were now all ardent Communists, answering her questions of were they Communists with the reply that they were Communists indeed. She felt that if her people were of that opinion, the servants on other estates must have like views and she couldn't understand what was holding things up.

On the cultural front I have recently had contact with a Hearst reporter who rather frightens me with his enthusiasm. He has not joined the Communist Party but he tells me he is far more Communist than the Communists. In covering a strike about a month ago, he wrote of the hoodlums who crawled up from the gutters like insects coming out from



"We hoid you had fifty million bucks to start a fascist army." *Ned Hilton*

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under a rock after a rain. I ventured to suggest that although the strikers were workers, they might not like to be called insects and besides it played into the hands of the owners, but he answered me in a manner which quite overcame my fears. If you talk about these people scornfully enough, said my friend, they will eventually become angry and revolt. In the meantime you fool Mr. Hearst by seeming to be on his side. He said that when the time came—and he had ideas on how slow the Party was about bringing it to pass — we would know what side he was on. He would stay with Hearst stirring up the workers by telling lies about them until the victory was won; after that he would bring us the technical newspaper skill a proletarian paper needed.

There is a possibility that many individuals who are more Communistic than the Communists will go completely berserk and end as Theosophists or Seventh Day Adventists but there is little that can be done about it. I had thought of offering myself as a sacrifice to the bloodthirsty by appearing at the New Masses Ball and allowing hand grenades to be hurled at me as I stood on the platform near the bass viol but that was before I read Isidor Schneider on Gertrude Stein and before I met Mr. Cartwright. Mr. Cartwright said almost immediately that he was more Communist than the Communists and that he had great admiration for Adolph Hitler. But I thought you said you were a Communist, I observed meekly. Certainly I'm a Communist said Mr. Cartwright sternly. I'm an anti-Jewish Communist. It seems to me that this is carrying specialization and sectarianism so far that my death in Webster Hall could have little weight. I am afraid that even the passing of a noble fellow such as myself will not win over the groups which, when they feel the need of a name, will undoubtedly be known as the anti-proletarian Communists. Only prayer, I am sure, will be of avail with such fine folk.

Music

The Philharmonic's Varied Course

ALTHOUGH the concerts of the Philharmonic Society of New York are only in the second month of the current season, four conductors have already appeared.

I wish it were possible to record that the performances directed by the "first New York-born musician to act as conductor for the Philharmonic Society" namely, Werner Janssen, were the outstanding concerts, so far, of the season. Unfortunately, this is not the case.

While Mr. Janssen presented a varied list of works, including American compositions, and conducted entirely from memory, neither the choice nor the manner of their presentation showed him to advantage as a musician of mature talents and judgment. Particularly disappointing were the three American novelties: Roy Harris' *Chorale,* Henry Gilbert's *Symphonia Prologue* to Synge's play, *Riders to the Sea,* and John Alden Carpenter's *Sea Drift.* The singular vitality of Roy Harris' talent is not apparent in this *Chorale,* and the relationship of the program notes, which trace the source of his "inspiration," is most certainly not to be deduced from a hearing of the composition. In spite of the assertion that Harris was born in a "log cabin," experienced various and sundry vicissitudes (including farming, studying philosophy, truck driving, etc.), neither these influences nor that of Protestant hymn tunes, which, we are told, had a "great influence on the ideology of America," can be detected in this particular composition.

The program notes of Mr. Harris seem as far-fetched and inappropriate as any we have met, and it is preposterous to claim this as an historical document, reflective of early American environment and influences. Its main influence after two hearings was one of long-windedness and boredom, not to mention a feeling of respectable conventionality not usually associated with the writings of Roy Harris.

Equally far-fetched and unrelated to the "program" is Gilbert's *Prologue* to *Riders to the Sea.* It is many years since I have read this play, yet the poignant memory of it remains. Gilbert's composition did nothing to revivify or enhance this memory. It seemed well enough written, but conventional. Fortunately it was brief.

The title *Sea Drift,* attached to John Alden Carpenter's composition, after poems of Walt Whitman, seems most appropriate, for the drifting quality, especially from what purports to be the source of "inspiration," is always discernible. Carpenter frequently takes time off from mundane concerns to favor the Muse with his attentions—all of which are not reciprocated. An eclectic of amazing versatility, and a certain talent, he can at once, or upon occasion, appropriate or otherwise write in the style of Brahms, Debussy, Puccini, a slight admixture of Carpenter, or what have you. Upon the present occasion Carpenter seems to have invoked the spirit of Puccini in order to "interpret" Whitman.

An All-Russian Program

Following Werner Janssen, the Symphony Society presented Arthur Rodzinski for his initial appearance with the Philharmonic.

The impression of Mr. Rodzinski's first concert was one of refreshing zest and enthusiasm. Having recently been in Russia, where he returns next year to conduct a series of concerts, it is natural and appropriate that he should open his engagement with a program devoted exclusively to works of Russian composers.

It would be a great mistake to assume that such a program, devoted to works of one country, would be limited in scope or monotonous in effect. And as the concert progressed to its close it was impressed more and more upon the listener that the works which emerged from the program in boldest relief were those of the great master Moussorgsky and the young Soviet composer, Shostakovich.

Rodzinski opened his Russian program with the *Classical Symphony* of Prokofieff. This symphony was completed in 1917, and while it is ingratiating music of agreeable humor, it shows the composer self-consciously assuming the cloak of a style of a far-removed, unrelated period. As an exercise in composition, an evidence of wide knowledge and versatility, it is an interesting attempt. But it is not the real Prokofieff, a modernist whose natural proclivities have finally led him away from the bourgeois musical world to reside in Soviet Russia, after long and successful wanderings in foreign fields.

Following the Prokofieff, *The Divine Poem* of Scriabin was presented. Scriabin, chief of the cultists of music, is the supreme example of the false towers of Babel which a composer can erect, when he is completely dissociated from reality. The fashion of imperialistic regimes in sponsoring Art and the Artists (always with capitals) has had varying results upon their creative output, dependent upon their ability to separate themselves from stifling influences and to keep in touch with the atmosphere of freedom. Scriabin succumbed to unhealthy influences, withdrawing completely within himself, creating a musical atmosphere of neurotic introspection, which his admirers have variously termed "metaphysical," "transcendental," "theosophical," "the expression of great inner truths" of "mystical rites," etc., etc. It would be impossible to create anything further removed from the lines of mankind, from emotions common to all—from reality. Yet in the end, Scriabin does not soar; he grovels in the depths and dregs of his own soul.

By contrast, the direct simplicity of Moussorgsky's *Introduction to Khovantchina* was a great relief. This composition, the introduction to the opera of the same name, for which the composer wrote the libretto, "depicts the coming of the cold northern daybreak above the Kremlin in Moscow." The opera itself dealt with the gradually changing Russia, "the contrasting and clashing of the Old Russia with the New." Moussorgsky drew upon genuine Russian history and folk tunes to present in a realistic manner

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his subject matter. The result is convincing and true, and genuinely national in feeling.

Since the recent music festival in Leningrad, glowing reports have reached us of the colossal success of Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk.* At that time Sergei Radamsky wrote to THE NEW MASSES: "It is acknowledged by the most conservative (in Russia) to be the best opera written in Russia since . . . Moussorgsky's *Boris.* But whatever history will decide, the fact remains that this is the first modern opera that has gained the admiration of musicians and caught the fancy of the general public."

The libretto of the opera is founded upon Leskov's *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk,* but Leskov's religious, conservative attitude towards the heroine, Ekaterina, is altered by Shostakovich to change the portrayal of her character from that of a wicked murderess, who will be punished by God, to one who is the unfortunate victim of her surroundings; brow-beaten by her rich and impotent husband as well as by her father-in-law; and driven to despondency by her idle life and dreary surroundings.

However, the great vitality which Shostakovich has shown in his other works such as the symphonies, piano sonata, etc., was manifest on the present occasion to an even greater degree. Especially in the *Largo,* written in the form of a *passacaglia,* was this true. And this music is written by one trained in Soviet Russia, living and working there, and who (according to no less an authority than Mr. Lawrence Gilman) "has expressed the conviction that the highest purpose of musical art is to serve as a vehicle of social propaganda." The complete opera is to have its American premiere in Cleveland, Jan. 31, 1935, and in New York at the Metropolitan, Feb. 5, 1935.

Mr. Rodzinski's notable program closed with a brilliant performance of the *Petrouchka* by Stravinsky.

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Quintanilla's Etchings

HERE are some of the finest drawings any etcher has ever scratched onto metal. They are the work of a Spaniard, Luis Quintanilla,[1] now in jail and facing a court-martial for participation in the revolt of the Spanish workers against the Lerroux Fascist dictatorship.

Quintanilla's art may be described by analogy with that of a photographer with a fine fast lens who goes about portraying what he comes across.[2] Here a group of street performers amusing a crowd; or a "big shot" getting his shoes shined as he exudes smug satisfaction with his world; a youth making love to a girl on a park bench; a worker's family at home; the interior of a train in the center of which is a fat, corrupt-looking priest; a cheap brothel behind a cafe; a young woman playing solitaire; the audience in a theatre; etc., etc.

These plates raise some interesting problems for the artist who is sympathetic to revolution and trying to formulate a set of values which will give his work definite direction and integrate it with the rest of his thinking. Quintanilla's art may be characterized as "class-conscious" art. His deeply sympathetic portrayal of the Spanish worker sitting at a table or at home with his family, his ridicule of the Church or his satirical depiction of the "big-business man," leave no doubt as to the class position of this artist. His sympathies are unmistakably with the working-class. But Quintanilla is not a revolutionary artist, as some have claimed for him. He is an *artist-revolutionary.* There is a difference, a very important difference. The revolutionary artist makes his *art* a class weapon, whereas Quintanilla is a revolutionary who *happens to be an artist,* whose art does not reflect his feelings and reactions to the world in which he is living, whose art has little or no relation to his social and political ideas. With the exception of a few mildly satirical comments of a class nature, (perhaps three or four) these plates are essentially decorative. They are hardly up to what we would like to see from an experienced revolutionary. Let us consider in this connection the work of Daumier, or of Grosz. These artists also looked at the world about them . . . and their drawings were so searing in their acidity as to be considered dangerous to the ruling class. They were jailed for their art. Quintanilla is in jail for his political activities. He is a revolutionary in his politics but not in his art. I am not attempting here to advocate one form of activity as preferable to the other. Both are necessary. The question of how an artist may best serve the revolutionary movement —with his art, or by political activity, or various combinations of the two—is determined in practice, by the artist and by the comrades who evaluate his usefulness in the light of the needs of the revolutionary movement at any given time. But for clarity of understanding, in an evaluation of art work, it is necessary to make the above distinctions.

We believe that an art which raises the revolutionary consciousness of the masses, which gives fine plastic and graphic expression to the class struggle—in short, "good revolutionary art"—is the most useful kind of art for our purposes, hence for us the "highest" form of art. The statement of this truth may seem so obvious to the experienced revolutionary artist as to appear redundant, but a great many artists just approaching the revolutionary movement are still very confused on such basic issues. Some of them will, I am sure, feel that such an evaluation of Quintanilla's work is too severe or narrow a judgment (and some of our bourgeois aesthetes would probably consider it the wild ravings of "propagandists") but that is largely due to the carry-over of bourgeois prejudices and conceptions about the "nature of art," which for them means the reduction of all art to purely technical display and sterility of content.

By the way, don't let that little piece in the catalogue by Senor Hemingway prejudice you against Quintanilla. The Big Toreador and Bull-Thrower cannot write fifty consecutive words without sneering at or viciously attacking artists and writers who express their revolutionary feelings and beliefs in their art and literature. You shouldn't hold it against Quintanilla. He is a fine artist.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

1 Pierre Matisse Gallery, Fuller Bldg., 57th and Madison.

2 Technically his art is quite removed from the technique of photography. He uses creative distortion frankly and masterfully.

"On The Waterfront"

During the regular showing of Eisenstein's *Ten Days* and *The Old and the New* at the New School last Saturday night the Film and Photo League gave us a pleasant surprise: the screening of their new short film, *On the Waterfront,* by Leo Seltzer and Ed. Kern. It is a fine little film giving a stirring picture of the longshoremen and the Marine Workers' Industrial Union.

Seltzer and Kern use the documentary me-

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dium, not the documentary of Robert Flaherty, but rather of Vertov: "depicting modern economic relationships, rendering audiences conscious of their interests, of their economic claims, aware of their remedy."* All the material is actual; there are no acted or staged sequences. Here Seltzer has recorded the dreary waterfront; the despair of men begging for backbreaking jobs at low pay; the joy of the favored few who are given work; the dangerous jobs; the walkout; work of the Marine Workers' Industrial Union.

The film does not shout slogans. It just lets the pictures tell the story and suggest the way out. The point is clear enough for anybody to get. There are a couple of scenes of stirring film reporting; and there are sequences where intelligent cutting (the agitation by the M. W. I. U.) creates a sequence that is highly dramatic.

One of the chief points contributing to the success of this little film was the fact that the producers limited their theme to one of extremely simple construction. They seemed to have realized, for the first time, that the documentary is perhaps the most difficult medium of expression in film. It's a long and difficult school. When it is mastered we get a *Three Songs About Lenin*. And thus *On the Waterfront* is certainly a step forward. PETER ELLIS.

* *Evasive Documentary,* by David Schrire, in Cinema Quarterly, Autumn, 1934.

Current Theatre

L'Aiglon by Edmond Rostand. Freely adapted by Clemence Dane. Broadhurst Theatre. Romantic interpretation of history in which Napoleon's little eagle gets fits of nasty temper and doesn't get back to France after all. Miss Le Gallienne is the only contribution of the evening by virtue of the best acting of her career.

The Children's Hour by Lillian Hellman. Maxine Elliott Theatre. The lives of two commonplace school teachers blasted by a malicious rumor of Lesbianism. What might have been a finely conceived tragedy turns out to be a horror story in that the very basic motivation of the play results from the pathological lying of an abnormal twelve-year-old child. What follows seems out of context, unconvincing, badly executed. The play, however, is morbid enough to attract a vast audience and has sufficient surface qualities to impress those who are prone to mistake an unhappy ending for a play of great worth. Katherine Emery and Ann Revere do extremely well with trying parts.

Stevedore by Paul Peters and George Sklar. New Yorkers can still see this play—the most important show of the year—at the West End Theatre (125th Street), where it runs until December 8. Two days later it opens in Philadelphia (Garrick Theatre) for a two-week run. Thence to the Selwyn in Chicago. Your attendance required, of course.

Tobacco Road. Forrest Theatre. Second only to *Stevedore;* one of the most rewarding plays in years. Startling insights into the lives of poor white Georgia farmers, and magnificent acting by James Barton. Cheapest seat 50 cents.

Recruits. Artef Theatre (247 W. 48 St.). Exquisitely beautiful in conception, execution and ideological clarity, this Yiddish play presents a penetrating analysis of social forces in the Ghetto during the period 1800-1850.

Sailors of Cattaro by Friederich Wolf. Civic Repertory. Dec. 8. Preview opening of the Theatre Union's next play in a benefit performance for New Theatre. (Advance sale at 114 W. 14 St., cheapest seat 30 cents.)

Juno and the Paycock by Sean O'Casey. Golden Theatre. A picture of Irish workingclass life brutally misleading in its selection of workingclass "types." Heartily applauded by Abbey Theatre enthusiasts and heartily denounced by THE NEW MASSES.

Ladies' Money, Ethel Barrymore. A self-confessed thriller that jams so much hokum into three acts that you laugh when your blood is supposed to be curdling.

Farmer Takes A Wife. 46th Street Theatre. Nostalgia for the good ol' days when it was even money whether the Erie Canal would pay higher dividends than the N. Y. Central. An ultra-cute love story swamps the allegedly central theme: the inevitability of industrial progress in the 1850's and what it did to the homey, agrarian society of those days.

Judgment Day by Elmer Rice. Muddled attack on fascist dictatorships written around the Reichstag Fire frame-up. For three months it has been doing things to the complacency of liberals and Broadwayites in general, but its confusion will probably annoy NEW MASSES readers—or should.

Dark Victory. Plymouth Theatre. Tallulah Bankhead is really a very good actress. Unfortunately she has to struggle against a play which tells a Camille-like love story of an upperclass mädchen with six months to live. Earle Larimore is a good actor too. Both of them work hard together to make mere talkiness exciting and a hackneyed trick entertaining. S. B.

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The Dance

ONE of the most gratifying and exciting evenings this reviewer ever spent in the theatre occurred November 25th at the *Civic Repertory*. To a justifiably enthusiastic audience, the Workers Dance League, under the auspices of New Theatre, presented for the first time in the history of the American theatre seven artists in revolutionary dance solos. Numbers were cheered and performers recalled again and again. The entire program was so abundantly varied in theme and approach, that it reaffirmed our contention that the revolutionary movement has in the dance a militant and expressive ally on the cultural front. The hundreds turned away at the doors will be given a chance to see the program repeated with few changes and additions this coming Sunday, December 2nd, at the Ambassador Theatre.

What distinguishes our revolutionary dancer from her bourgeois colleague is a vital creative response to working-class ideology. This proletarian content, whether it be satiric portrayal of bourgeois foibles or exposition of the experiences of the class whose cause it espouses, determines the revolutionary validity of the dance, regardless of its technical virtues. For this reason, not all of the dancers were equally successful in their grappling with revolutionary subject matter. Some of the numbers whose content was tangential to revolutionary ideology were extremely well executed in their technic; others, making a forthright attempt to cope with proletarian problems, seemed unwieldy and cumbersome.

The Dream Ends and *Time is Money* by Jane Dudley; *The Woman* from the suite *The Disinherited,* and the three Negro Poems by Miriam Blecher; *Parasite* and *Homeless Girl* by Nadia Chilkovsky possessed the clearest ideological viewpoint. *Homeless Girl* and *In the Life of a Worker* (Jane Dudley) fell short of their difficult goal: specific social documentation. Powerful as they were, they seemed too heavily freighted with economic symbols, which in the main were lost to the uninitiated onlooker. *Parasite* made its point more directly. The beautifully lyric *The Dream Ends* and *The Woman,* through moving simplicity held fast within its texture revolutionary content. *Time is Money,* to a poem by S. Funaroff, was one of the most exciting dances of the evening. Dance image after image succeeded one another until an electrifying picture of speed-up, suicide, misery, and factory exploitation emerged. Here the revolutionary demands of the poem created a new form, similar to Eisenstein's, in its pictorial explosiveness and brilliant juxtaposition of associate and dissociate imagery. A simpler but equally effective use of words was utilized by Miriam Blecher in her three poems. Least successful of the evening was Edith Segal's *Tom Mooney*, whose use of a poem was oversimplification to a point of crudity. The folk quality of *Themes from a Slavic People* by Sophie Maslow was enriched by a vitality that heralded new life to an oppressed peasantry.

Whatever the program possessed of humor and wit came from the work of Anna Sokolow, Lilly Mehlman, and Sophie Maslow. The delightful idiocy of *Death of Tradition,* a trio by these artists, had the audience holding its sides. Anna Sokolow's parody, *Histrionica,* and the delicate satire of her two *Romantic Dances* added considerable charm.

Although there is a definite place for agitational dances like the exciting *Defiance* by Lilly Mehlman, the pulsating *Awake* by Miriam Blecher, and interesting *Challenge* by the Maslow-Mehlman-Sokolow trio, there is danger in the continual reduction of militancy to an abstraction: the persistent revolutionist wants to make clear *what* to challenge, *whom* to defy. An audience responds animatedly to these dances, but whatever militancy they possess when undirected dissipates with the conclusion of each dance.

Let the contact of these talented performers with the revolutionary movement be as diverse, as witty, as profound as they wish, but let it be more than an *approach* to a content.

Let revolutionary thinking penetrate the very core of their dance so that wit becomes a trenchant weapon to destroy, not depict, bourgeois clichés; so that agitation chooses specific channels to travel; and that the imagery of the dance is clearly identifiable by the worker as expressive of his background.

These dancers have unquestionable possibilities, but a more intensive revolutionary orientation is still to be achieved by each of them.

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Between Ourselves

WE have received a number of letters in praise of Kenneth Patchen's poem, *Joe Hill Listens to the Praying* (THE NEW MASSES, November 20). Four readers—Barbara Linscott of Boston, Ross E. Chapin of Philadelphia, W. C. Everett of Norwich University, and John Willison of Watertown, Mass.—want to know more about the poet.

Kenneth Patchen was brought up in and around Niles, Ohio, where he was born 22 years ago. His people were Scotch-English steel workers. He spent two summers while at high school on a mill crew and saved enough to go to the University of Wisconsin. He spent 1929 as a student at the experimental college directed by Alexander Meiklejohn, but left after a year, disappointed and in financial need. Since that time he has traveled and lived all over the country—from Michigan to Louisiana, from the east to the west coast—riding box cars, hitching, picking up odd jobs here and there and working as a farm hand.

Besides his two poems which appeared in THE NEW MASSES (April 10, Nov. 20) and several which we have in hand, Patchen's verse has been printed in Poetry, The Magazine and the New Republic.

New Masses Lectures

On Dec. 7, Esther Strachey and William Browder will speak on "The Place of the Middle Class in the Fight Against Fascism" at the Auditorium, 196 Bleecker Street, 8:30 P. M.

Michael Gold, now on tour for THE NEW MASSES, will lecture on "The Crisis in Modern Literature" in the following cities:

Chicago—Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, at the Medical and Dental Arts Building Auditorium. 185 N. Wabash Avenue; auspices Pen and Hammer and Friends of New Masses.

Milwaukee—Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, at the O.K.U.V. Temple, N. 12th St & W. North Avenue; auspices John Reed Club.

Davenport—Friday evening, Dec. 7, at the Old Masonic Temple, 3rd & Main Streets; auspices John Reed Club. League Against War and Fascism, and New Theatre Group.

Indianapolis—Saturday evening, Dec. 15, at the Lincoln Room, Hotel Lincoln; auspices John Reed Club.

Cincinnati—Monday evening, Dec. 17, Auditorium of Hamilton County Memorial Bldg., Elm Street, just south of Music Bldg.

John L. Spivak will speak on "Plotting the American Pogroms" in the following cities at meetings arranged under the auspices of THE NEW MASSES. Allan Taub, director of the Mid-western bureau of THE NEW MASSES will address the meetings:

December 9—2:00 P. M.—Milwaukee Auditorium, Milwaukee.

December 9—8:30 P. M.—Hotel Sherman, Randolph St., at Clark, Chicago, Illinois.

December 10—8:30 P. M.—Maccabee Auditorium, Woodward at Putnam, Detroit.

Monday evening, Dec. 3—Edward Dahlberg, author of *Those Who Perish* will lecture on "How Approaching Fascism Affects the Intellectual" at the weekly forum of the Friends of the Workers School, 116 University Place, New York.

Monday evening, Dec. 17—Leon Dennen, author of *Where the Ghetto Ends* will lecture on "The Jew in the Soviet Union" at the weekly forum of the Friends of the Workers School, 116 University Place, New York.

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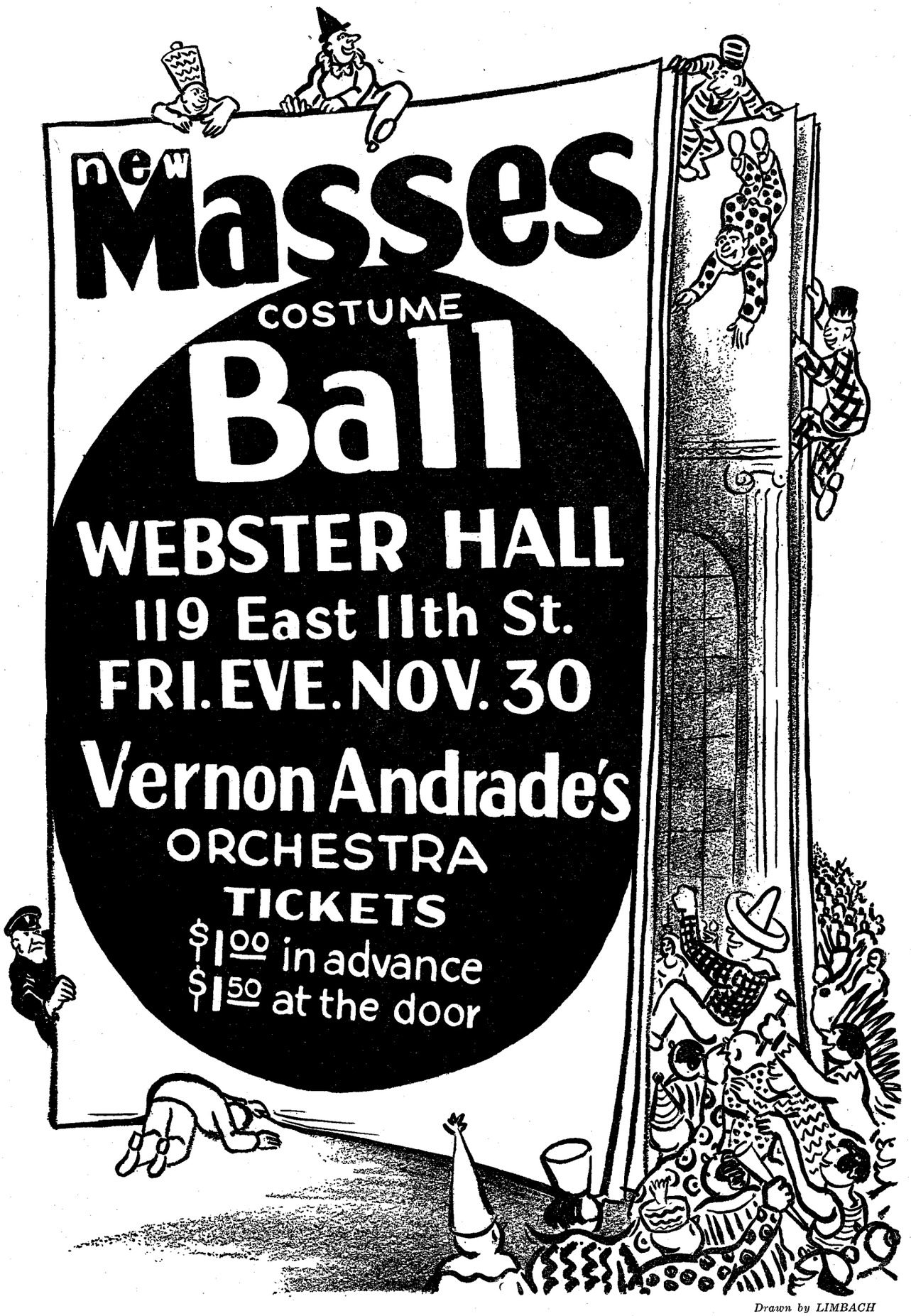

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